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## Original Novel.

### CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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#### CHAPTER X.

JOHN LAKE, THE QUAKER PREACHER.

The sun shone uninterruptedly for three days. During that time, all was hilarity and good cheer at the inn, among most of those who remained. Many of the company had gone, but others had taken their places. The Quaker preacher, who, during his stay, had been silent and retired most of the time, sitting by himself in the little parlor, was still at the inn; and the fat little landlord chuckled and rubbed his hands as he declared that he never had such a jolly lot of good customers in all his born days before—no, never in this world, never.

Nick sat patiently in the corner, nursing his foot and watching the Quaker, as he sometimes walked the floor of the little parlor that led out of the kitchen, with his hands folded behind, and resting on the broad flaps of his gray coat.

Another new comer, an exact opposite of the preacher, was a slender, mild-eyed gentleman, a professor of languages, with a thoughtful countenance, a forehead retreating somewhat, but ample, a mouth perfect in repose, and a rare smile that broke like moonlight over his pale face. A cynic must have gazed upon such a countenance with pleasure. He was on a leisure tour, botanizing and collecting minerals, of which latter he had with him a handsome carpet-bag collection.

Le Vaun rarely ventured beyond the precincts of his chamber, though since the professor, who was an old friend, had come, he had invited him, with Park Dinsmore, to spend the evening with him. He seemed unwilling to encounter the Quaker, and often turned nervously away from the glance of his dark eye. But one day, the last but one before the little company took their separate ways out into the world, while Nick stood in Le Vaun's room, describing the cave in which Mother Kurstegan for so many years had defied the scrutiny of the community, a knock at the door startled Le Vaun, and to his response, in marched friend John, with his Bible in his hand, and planted himself before him, saying—

"The Spirit moved me, yes! the Lord hath a message for thee, and I am come to deliver it."

Le Vaun, taken by surprise, did not for a moment speak.

"I perceive by the affliction of thy countenance, and by thy demeanor generally, that there is at thy conscience that troubleth thee, therefore turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on thee."

"My good man, if you do not turn to that door, and walk straight from this room, you may not find mercy at my hands!" exclaimed Le Vaun, with swelling nostrils and flashing eyes.

"I am commissioned of the Lord to speak to thee," returned the Quaker, gazing with undimmed mien in the proud man's face, "and human threatenings do not intimidate me. I resisted this call from my Master, until sleep forsook my eyelids. I wrestled in prayer for thee in the still hours of the night, when suddenly awakened by thy groanings and tossings—but the voice said 'go,' and I came. Darest thou lay thy hands on an ambassador of Christ?"

This was said with an air of such sincerity, a voice so calmly impressive, that the bold eye of Le Vaun fell.

"My good man," he repeated, more quietly, "go your way; when I want you, I can call for you."

"Go thy way for this once!" then said— "that is the poor sinner's cry—go thy way until a more convenient season." Alas! man of sin, wilt thou stand in defiance of God's mercy until the cry is forced from thy trembling lips—the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved? I come to bring thee glad tidings of great joy. Unburden thyself at the feet of thy Redeemer; cry aloud for mercy, that Jesus Christ may wash that stain of guilt from thy soul."

"What do you insinuate, sir? What do you mean?" cried Le Vaun, furiously, lifting himself from his chair, still resting his hand upon the carved arms, his whitening cheek and quivering lip revealing some internal agony.

"Thou art not walking in the narrow path of holiness, man of the world!" exclaimed John Lake, nothing daunted. "Destruction encompasseth thee, and the flowers that grow in the broad way of thy sensual desires, have left their thorns buried deep and festering within thy heart. I warn thee—go not to God with the heavy weight of unrepented guilt upon thy soul. For thou canst not imagine the terrors of an eternal remorse. What wilt thou say to God, standing in the light of His holy presence, as His searching eye seeth into the darkest, deepest depth of thy heart? Man, wilt thou dare say to thy Master, 'go thy way?'"

"You have chosen a strange theme and time," replied Le Vaun, gradually sinking in to his seat.

"God's time is now," said the Quaker

preacher, solemnly.

"He has clothed me in the armor of His gospel; He has bidden me go and preach the gospel to every creature, whether he hear or whether he forbear. Wherever I see the mark of evil passions, or read upon my brother's brow the handwriting of remorse, I will carry my Master's message—yes, verily!"

"Parson, you'll excuse me from listening to you any longer; I know nothing of theology, and I want none of it."

"Call me friend," said the Quaker, softly, "for by that name do Christians know me; and be not angry that I follow the movings of God's spirit thus to exhort thee. Forgive me that I say there lieth the shadow of a dark deed upon thy brow at this time, and thine uneasy actions do typify the restless thoughts that consume thee. If thou wilt accept peace, yes! verily, thou shalt have it; peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you—not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"You have done that which no man ever dared do before, and but for your gray coat, and your broad brim, and your gray hairs, you might have found yourself at the foot of the stairs," retorted Le Vaun, with a mocking accent; "but I will pick no quarrel with you, though I have been insulted by your suspicions. I shall listen to you no longer."

"I am a man of few words, friend," returned the Quaker, mildly, "but verily am I moved by the spirit to say, thy sin shall find thee out. Behold, the innocent hath been thy prey; a lamb hath fallen before thee, and the prayer of a lamb that is despoiled hath gone up before God. The pall hangeth over thy household; the hearse waiteth at the hall door; and the mourners go about mourning. Beware! man of sin! the spirit moveth me to say, if thou wilt not accept mercy, thou shalt receive wrath."

Le Vaun, pale, tremulous and awe-struck, moved not, nor stirred, as the gaunt form of the Quaker passed quietly from the room. Still he sat spell-bound, unmindful that Nick, wondering and listening, yet comprehending nothing, had gathered himself in the corner during the exciting interview. At length he drew a long breath, looked about absently, and his eye falling on the boy, he exclaimed, with scarcely a movement of his lips,

"Go shut that door, sir, and never open it again to that Quaker hypocrite. He and the old hag fortune-teller, he muttered aside, 'are enough to drive a man mad. Look, boy, keep your mouth close; not a word of this to any one; and after I have done with you, carry my compliments to young Dinsmore and Professor Van Alstyne, and ask them to come to this evening. Where are the draughts I told you to bring me?"

"Here they be, sir," replied the boy, displaying a board of home manufacture, and a box of rudely cut draughts.

"Very well, now leave the room; to-morrow we make for the cave; so go to bed early that you may be up with the sun; do you hear?"

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE TRIO IN THE INN CHAMBER.

Matina threw an armful of dried wood on the fire.

"Ah! that is delightful!" exclaimed Le Vaun, looking up from his book as the blaze diffused a red light over the room, making the humble curtains of the little bed silver-white and crimson in the glow.

"Yes, this is cheerful; here, my good girl, pray accept a trifle from me; you have been thoughtful of my comfort, and I should hardly be worthy of the good wife waiting at home for me if I did not appreciate your efforts to please—take this," and he pressed a gold coin between her fingers, "it will serve to remember me by."

"Thank you, sir, I am sure," replied the girl with a grateful look and courtesy, and a declaration to herself that in spite of his strange look he was handsome, and a generous gentleman as ever lived; and she went out of the room bobbing every now and then, although his back was turned.

Matina had left Le Vaun's chamber but a moment when Professor Van Alstyne and young Dinsmore entered.

"What a capital fire!" cried Park, boyishly swinging a chair round; and seating himself he drew his red dressing-gown about his knees and spread his hands to the fire. Le Vaun glanced at his bright young face on which the fire had kindled a rosier glow, and checked a rising sigh.

"For kings bethink them what their states require. Where shepherds careless carol by the fire," murmured Professor Van Alstyne, his dark eye glowing.

"Fine shepherds, we," laughed Dinsmore, slapping his knees, "I, with my dandy dressing-gown, you with your clerical looking suit, and Mr. Le Vaun with his everlasting cloak."

By-the-way, pardon me, but I never look at



"WHAT MEANS THIS MOCKERY? THE CHILD IS NOT HERE."

you without a dim suspicion that you were born with a cloak on your shoulders," he added saucily.

Le Vaun laughed, saying, "My cloak and I are old friends; and the sharp draughts of this crazy old house have drawn us into closer companionship than ever, my old cloak and I," and as he spoke he let it slip from his shoulders on to the back of the gubernatorial arm-chair.

"What a strange compound of zeal and oddity there is in the person of that old gray chap down stairs," said Park, lazily stretching out his limbs. "I declare if the old fellow didn't begin to lecture me because I made a cigarette of paper, and pretended to smoke, just to see what he would say. You ought to have seen how soon the spirit moved him to his years and verities. I wonder who he is? I've heard the name, and seen the man before, but I can't tell where."

"He is well known in Philadelphia," replied the gentle professor, lifting his dark eyes bent dreamily on the flames; "I have seen him often. He is a thrifty and successful business-man—a speaker of distinction among his sect—is engaged in the straw-business—has a large central ware-house, and employs some twenty women and young girls."

"Pretty girls, too," rattled Park, smiling abstractedly as he spoke; "I've been there on commissions for my mother, and I used to tremble before such a battery of bright eyes." "The old Quaker has good taste, then, I should presume," said Le Vaun with a dash of irony.

"That has he," replied Park, "and once I saw him with positively an angel on his arm coming out of Hantz's old haunted house—you know the Hantz house—ah, professor, I've caught you—biting your lip and blushing like a girl! By all the divinities, I do believe you know who I mean better than I do myself."

A violent crimson had bespread the face of the professor; he looked up and he looked down, besides looking excessively foolish for a moment.

"Come, come, confess," cried Park, with boyish enthusiasm.

"I have nothing to confess," said the other, "only that I have a pupil in that haunted house, as you call it, whose mother, that is I think she is her mother, if I rightly understand, is the forewoman in Quaker John's straw establishment."

"Except for his broad brim and the cut of his coat, the man seems to me more like an itinerant Methodist parson," said Le Vaun, with his cold, sneering voice; "he is most violent and denunciatory—I am told," he added hastily, as he caught the glance of Van Alstyne.

Though seemingly occupied with the checker-board before him, which Le Vaun had been spreading, the professor was silent and abstracted. He was thinking of that mysterious girl—his pupil of the haunted house.

"I see your mind is still hovering somewhere in the vicinity of John Lake & Co.," laughed young Dinsmore, pushing the board away, and making a youthful demonstration of *enami*. "I'll tell you what! it's dull in this old inn—I'm for getting up some fun; come, what say you, professor, now the roads are passable, let us get out our host's old spavined gray that he calls 'the best horse in this world'—and that ghostly old coach that looks as if the spirits of defunct stages took it out every night for exercise—"

"What a capital fire!" cried Park, boyishly swinging a chair round; and seating himself he drew his red dressing-gown about his knees and spread his hands to the fire. Le Vaun glanced at his bright young face on which the fire had kindled a rosier glow, and checked a rising sigh.

"There!" cried Park, "there's the cave child—the first time since the storm. Jove! how I have longed to hear it—whistle again, pretty one."

"That," said the professor, "sounds like an Eolian. Perhaps the deity of the winds has made yonder wood his favorite resort;" he paused suddenly as he caught sight of Le Vaun's face; it was a bluish color, settling darkly about the eye-lids, and giving him a startling and unnatural appearance.

Half leaning forward, Le Vaun exclaimed, in a low voice,

"Did you ever know of such a thing?"

"As what?" asked Van Alstyne.

"Do you think nature, by some peculiar formation of a tree trunk or branch, could pour her winds through the crevices in such a way as to produce a sound so human as that we have just heard?"

"I certainly do," replied the professor, "and that she produces every tone, and every modulation of the human voice. Perhaps you have thought sometimes as I have, when sitting in an old, deserted house, you have listened to the rude revels of the storm. In it how often I have embodied the cry of anguish, the shriek of remorse, the wail of eternal sorrow, the soft moan of maternal love, disappointed in its fondest hopes—the cry of the outcast—the howl of the seeker after blood—the—"

"Stop," cried Le Vaun, starting to his seat with a fierce, frozen look—then, as if to conceal his unwonted agitation, he fell to beating the fire—breaking open the glowing heart of the coals, till a loud succession of small pistol-like explosions, scattered the broken fragments far and near.

"I beg your pardon," he mildly added, a moment after, "but to tell you the truth, my nerves are none of the strongest, owing to a frightful system of education practiced in my childhood."

When the trio separated for the night, Park whispered to Van Alstyne,

"Every time he has heard that noise, it has produced the same effect; that man is either a coward or a criminal, and I shouldn't care about being in his confidence."

"He is an intelligent man, nevertheless," returned Van Alstyne, "and my rule is, never to think harm till I know wrong; good-night."

#### CHAPTER XII.

LE VAUN VISITS THE CAVE.

"Whoa! you beast—whoa!" The sound reached Le Vaun, who opened his window and gazed into the stable yard. Every dry stick, leafless twig and withered grass-blade, was gemmed with dew, and the wide area of the tavern was all astir. Turkeys, hens, chickens, cats and dogs, stared in mute wonder at the vision of the old coach and the lean horse that Job Goodale prized next to his wife and child. An old, lame, black beggar, a fixture at the inn on pleasant days, lounged in his accustomed place against the pump, his purple shirt hanging in tatters over his stained and greasy leather-breeches. Matina stood with red, fat arms akimbo, laughing lustily, and Nick was leading the poor old horse across the yard. Park, full of the spirit of fun, had carried out his design, and as the rusty coach swung to and fro at a touch, its battered door, tarnished leather-curtains, mud-colored body, and general dilapidation from tongue to strap, made it an object of ludicrous interest.

"Stage ready!" cried Park, mounting with a flourish, handling the reins in true driver-style, and turning the lumbering vehicle, out of whose broken windows looked the pleasant face of the professor—and away they drove.

Bestowing an impatient glance upon the youth and his frolic, Le Vaun turned from the window, to prepare for his visit to the cave. Breakfast over, his horse was brought round, Nick placed on the saddle behind him, and they proceeded on their way. It was a cool, but vividly fresh and lovely morning. The dew lay like crowded jewels on the bushes by the wayside, lighted with splendor by the sun. The gaudy flowers of autumn expended all their vitality in bloom, and the closely set edges of the road, bordered with pines, oaks, and maples gave out their peculiar odor. The air blew freshly, and the little boy Nick sniffed it up with a sense of pleasure exquisite as it was rare. The day proved a golden one; earth and sky alike rejoiced in beauty. Spray after spray of the woodland boughs shook down their drops of silver upon the heads of the travellers. Sometimes they came to a clearing where the land gave evidence of richness, and the fragrant stacks of hay heaped in the open fields, told the story of thrift and wealth. And there

stretched of smooth and level meadow, interspersed with princely trees and studded with king-cups, over which danced innumerable golden-winged butterflies—and anon a little sheet of liquid blue and gold with the sunny shadows of white clouds floating on its surface, shut in between lids of mossy turf.

The sun was two hours high when they neared the spot which Nick remembered as having passed through, and which now, even with the presence of Le Vaun, he trembled to approach. The previous rains had saturated and swollen the earth, and at every step the mud and water oozed up over their feet. Le Vaun tied his horse, drew his boots up outside his nether garments, and after surveying the bush and peering in vain through the matted undergrowth, essayed to thrust himself through on the other side.

"You see I'm waiting for you."

The voice was low, hollow, and unearthly. Nick stood shivering in every limb, and Le Vaun glanced aghast at the gaunt form of Mother Kurstegan lifted itself from the forest-gloom, and her chuckle, defiant with suppressed malice, sounded on his ear.

"Did you expect to find it with that willing?" she asked, pointing to Nick, who crouched away with terror. "He! ha! set a foot to lead a fool on a fool's errand. Come, you see I expected you, and so waited; if you want proof I'm ready to give it." So saying she plunged into the path and Le Vaun followed her, forgetting Nick, who in his excitement and terror clung to the place through which he had emerged, and as soon as he lost sight of the two, eagerly found his way out into the road.

"Take care, don't break your neck," muttered the old woman, turning at every plunge and smiling grimly at the bespattered object in her rear; "this is a swampy place, reckon you think; it ain't like the city streets you're used to, is it, honey?" Thus mockingly she taunted him until they came on firmer ground and began the ascent of the hills.

"See, now isn't this a fine open place to bring up a child?" at last she said, pausing and confronting him; "no brick walls, no stifled yards, all nature, grand nature, my own mother, once," she cried, lifting her arms, "before the curse of the white man came upon me. Six long years they sent me to the schools, and I took pride in my quickness and my genius; but it was only a curse to the Indian girl; sorrow was the first great lesson, made stronger and keener by the possession of knowledge. And the same with my own child. Oh! why didn't I take her into the wilderness and bring her up in solitude, never to see the face of man? Come—come along," she added, in another mood, "I've got a nice little grave to show you, up here."

The words and the manner struck a deadly chill through the frame of the strong man, but he followed on though his knees smote together, and his heart failed him for fear. At length they reached the hut, when springing inside the little cave, the Indian exclaimed, "now you may go away as wise as you came; I can defend myself, and you can't come in here, for if ever a tigress sought to revenge the loss of her young, I am she." Le Vaun dared not enter; he felt that if he did so it would be at the peril of his life. He turned, and the little shaft of wood, with the epitaph burnt thereon, met his sight. With a great cry he wrenched the board out from the moist ground, and then he listened and crouched down by the door of the cave, fancying he heard the click of a gun-lock.

"The hag! she will murder me, for aught I know; the place and the hour are fit. Hark! and he listened again, then sought to find crack or crevice that he might look within, but in vain—all was silent. As he stood there, the mouldy board at his feet, his lips locked together, his teeth clenched, and with folded arms, glared round on the regal surroundings of lavish nature—the grand sky above him, the calm hills beneath, his thoughts were frightful, and his frame throbbled with the intensity of his emotions. His eye, dry and bright, wandered restlessly from the cave to the tracts of woodland below, as if he would find some traces of the little child's feet, for he would not believe her dead. His cheek, now sunken and pallid,

now flushed and palpitating, betrayed by the rapid movement of the muscles the dreadful strife of thought. In imagination he saw a dimly lighted room, a couch on which was stretched a fragile figure, looking already shrouded for death, in her white garments. It was the pale, sweet, pleading face of his wife, who, since the time of her great trial, when from street to street echoed the cry, "a child is lost—stolen!" had never smiled, but in the anguish of her sorrow had wept night and day, till she stood a weary shadow, on the borders of the grave. Frantic with the crowding images that thronged his brain, he walked to and fro, back and forth, as the voices of earth seemed echoing his wife's mournful plaint, "bring me my child," and stooping, at last, he seized the wooden head board, and threw the grave-soil up till he had reached the bottom. The coarse bag and the few bones it contained were all that rewarded his search. These he replaced, satisfied, after a momentary examination, that these were not human bones, and a bitter exclamation escaped him as he exclaimed, "what means this mockery? the child is not here—come out, Indian devil, tell me if she be living or dead, and I will leave this cursed spot."

A mocking laugh was the Indian's answer as she stood again before him. "I told you in the letter that she was alive, and so she is; I tell you, too, that she is dead; do you believe it? Hark—don't go off mad now; gentlemen should never show temper; it may do for a savage. There, now, you are in a fine; how impolite! Shall I hold your hand to steady you? Don't look at me that way, it isn't good manners. Come, let me comfort you. If you don't find one of your own blood here, you will find that little imp at the tavern. I told you you should certainly see your own child, and I have kept my word; take care of him as you would of her and see what will come of it," and taking a narrow, trodden path, she walked rapidly away, her laugh dying on the still air. The hut was indeed empty; no trace of a child was anywhere to be seen. Baffled, enraged, the hapless father turned his face towards the descent. He was entirely ignorant of the locality, he had taken no note of the surroundings as he came, so that he found himself, after a little time, vainly seeking a path in the thick forest at the foot of the hill.

"Why, Nick! how came you here?" he exclaimed, as the boy presented himself, in the time of his extremity, soiled and panting and pale.

"I felt 's if you'd want me," replied Nick, hanging his head at the warmth of voice and evident pleasure expressed by Le Vaun.

"You did a brave thing, boy; you are no coward; I'll repay you for this; you shall go home and live with me, and be to me as a son."

The boy's dark eyes sparkled with pleasure, for he had been the hard lot of an outcast from his infancy. Reared in a workhouse, accustomed to daily cruelty, with no remembrance of father or mother, nothing to call out either love or ambition, it seemed like opening the light of a new world to him to hear the voice of kindness or commendation. Carefully Le Vaun picked his way through the wood, Nick going before, until they came out where the horse still stood, impatient from his long confinement.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

CHIP AND THE SNACKSKIN FAMILY.

"Gee—gee up, Jeff—jog along, Pete—don't you be frightened, sis; guess the old woman'll give you a good bed and something nice for supper. Ain't got no tongue, here you, sis; I got no tongue at all, same's Mrs. Snackskin hain't got any work to do; drop down from the sky, just like a mosey; a nice little girl—have—gee up, Jeff—here we are—here's the lane—there's Bob oncheting the gate—there's the young ones. Be good boy, Bob? Yass—got a penny for you—now you let me git this ere little bundle out, and then you take the team and see to Jeff, now, and don't let Pete git too many oats, the greedy rascal. Come, little one."

Chip had been in the same bewildering state of mind from the time she was lifted in the wagon until the present moment. When she felt again the grasp of the rough but kindly hand, her little frame shook from head to foot. It was dusk, but not sufficiently deep to hide from her sight a swarm of yellow heads, each clamoring to know what had got.

"Git out, all of you; go in to your ma and tell her I've brought another young one home, a poor little creetur I picked up by the side of the wild woods, with nary a livin' critter near her. Somebody or nuther got tired of her, I s'pose; like a not, folks is so heartless now-a-days;" and so talking, holding the trembling child against his heavy driver's coat, he entered the ample kitchen, followed by nine youngsters, clamoring, laughing, shouting, and demanding to see the queer thing dad had got.

"It's a little gal! oh! ain't she putty," cried the youngest, who looked as if she might be one of a twin pair of twins.

"She's skeery," shouted another.

"Humph! well—you have been and gone and done a smart thing, Hiram Snackskin!" muttered a stunted little body whose breadth of hip and shoulder corresponded almost exactly with the distance from crown to foot; "we ain't got no children, Hiram Snackskin, not a chick nor a child to bless ourselves with, not a mouth to feed, not a foot to shoe, not a hand to mitten, nor a leg to stocking, we are poor, childless people, and so you're gone and brought home another gal!"

The teamster scratched his head and looked dubiously in the fire, then his glance falling upon the scared wail whose wild eyes seemed haunted with the ghost of a vague fear, he said, pointing one finger towards her, "La!







## LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 28, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Among the many notable people, literary and artistic, now here on their way toward the various points of the compass, is a lady-artist, Miss Barbara Leigh Smith, of London, already favorably known by her water-color drawings, which have appeared with honor at several of the London Exhibitions, and destined, according to the judgment of some of the most distinguished critics, to take a very high position in the beautiful branch of Pictorial Art to which she has devoted herself. Young, in possession of ample pecuniary means, with an excellent constitution, and a most persistent will, this lady brings to the work she has chosen, the enthusiasm of a true artist, backed by all the adventitious aids of temperament, circumstances, and Fortune. After long and careful drawing under eminent masters, she has done what, unfortunately, few women have the means, and still fewer the will, to do. She has devoted her summers, for many years, to long wanderings—often on foot—at all hours, and in all weathers, through the wildest solitudes, studying Nature in her most secret haunts, and under all her aspects, with the most minute, painstaking, and reverent care; carrying into her art the same contempt of shams and pretensions, and the same horror of conventional falsehood, the same loving earnestness in pursuit of Truth, for which she has already distinguished herself, by her pen, among the reformers of the day. In this way she has learned by heart the beautiful scenery of her native land, the romantic wilds of the Scotch Highlands, the quiet loveliness of the Lake regions, the bold hills and picturesque valleys of Wales and Ireland, the quaint architecture of the old Belgian towns, and the glorious landscapes of Switzerland and Italy. The past winter she has spent in Algeria, accompanied as usual by various members of her family, several of whom are artists also, pushing her sketching-excursions into the savage gorges of the Atlas Mountains, where—perched on a camel, or making the best of her way on foot, in short gown, ample cloak, and round straw hat, a pair of pistols at her waist, that she knows very well how to use, attended by a faithful servant, and an Arab escort—she has ventured into solitudes where no woman's foot, and often no man's foot either, had ever been; filling her portfolio with views of magnificent mountain-passes, impenetrable cactus-jungles, and drawings of botanical specimens, a large collection of which she has dried, and is taking home with her for future study. From this brave following of Nature she has gained at once a minute exactitude and truthfulness of detail, a largeness of conception and breadth of style that must eventually ensure her a very high place among landscape painters. Her coloring is clear, vivid, natural; and nothing spotty or blotchy is suffered to impair the sharpness and precision of touch for which her productions are so remarkable. Miss Smith is about to cross the ocean, for the purpose of making acquaintance with the most striking scenery of the two American Continents.

It is thought that the Fine Arts Exhibition, which should have opened a week ago, will not be ready before the middle of next month. As usual, the severities of the Jury are the theme of angry comment among artists and their friends. Of five hundred pictures sent in, the Jury have admitted—twenty-five!

A little private display, of such pictures as are already in the building, was got up for the Grand Duke, a few days before he left. Constantine professed to be highly gratified with what he saw; and ordered a copy of the portrait of Marshal Pelissier. The Emperor, thereupon, ordered a portrait to be taken for himself, of General Totleben, an interchange of civilities over the *souvenirs* of Sebastopol, which seems to strike the Parisians as particularly "touching and charming."

## HIGH PRICE OF STRAWBERRIES.

For a week past our brilliant sunshine has been succeeded by heavy rains; not unlikely to bring down the price of "green-stuff," and to benefit strawberry-fields and raspberry patches. Strawberries are now selling at a sou apiece; for three months past small pots, like infinitesimal flower-pots, of brick-clay, and holding eight strawberries each, have been selling here at from many francs to as many sous per strawberry as the season advanced. One gardener, at Clamart, supplies these early and costly luxuries from his hot-beds, about five miles from Paris; and a curious sight it is, before the strawberry-plants in the fields have begun even to think of putting out a blossom, to see the large packing table of this establishment—about ten feet long, by four wide, covered, daily, with a layer of the ripe fruit six inches deep, awaiting the packers. Two thousand of the little red pots just mentioned, are filled each day from these hot-beds, and are sent to Paris, where the nabobs of the day pay enormous prices for them. It appears, however, that this sort of forcing does not pay very well; the expense of raising the fruit out of season is very heavy; and there are nine months in each year when the frames, and all the forcing apparatus, are idle.

A supper of Mlle. Rachel's is still spoken of in the gastronomic world, on which occasion the guests were treated to strawberries procured at the moderate price of five dollars per strawberry!

It is curious to remark how, in certain spheres, the cost of any object seems to enhance its value. The gay widow of a millionaire grocer, recently deceased, has just ordered, for the grand hotel she is building in the Avenue Marboeuf, a staircase of Sicilian onyx, the fabulous price of the silly creature will pay for which, being of course the sole criterion by which she will estimate its acquisition; while another feminine "mountain of money" and of vanity, has just caused a border of pearls to be prepared for the glass of her dressing-table, at a cost of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars!

## NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

So much for the vulgar ambition and insatiable vanity of the parvenus, who would fain hide the lowliness of their origin under the loftiness of their pretensions! A more agreeable subject of contemplation is that of the great number of highly distinguished men, who occupy the most brilliant positions in the worlds of science, art, and industry, to which they have risen by their

own talent and effort from the most obscure walks of life. One of the leading pianists here, a man of European reputation, was a foundling, in a small provincial town. One day, as the cart of the *mairie* was on its way to the Foundling Hospital, with a load of poor little creatures abandoned during the night, an honest lemonade-dealer, who was standing at the door of his shop, was struck by the pretty, intelligent face of one of the babies, and determined to adopt it. This he did, bringing the child up as his son, aided by his good wife. A well known physician, a phrenologist, from Paris, passed through the little town a few years afterwards, and in his turn was much struck by the cranial "developments" of the lemonade-dealer's adopted son. "Send the boy to Paris," said the doctor; "I promise to watch over him and to put him into the way of making a fine position for himself by and by. He must be a musician; nature has done her part; we must aid her. Take my advice; I will give him a professor, and you will see him a famous musician one of these days." The benevolent doctor's proposition was accepted; the boy accompanied him to Paris, was placed under the best musical training, and is now one of the most eminent professors of the capital.

A similar incident led to the opening of the medical career of the great surgeon, Dupuytren. This eminent man was the son of a poor villager. A company of soldiers happened to be quartered in this village, and the sergeant-major, being a phrenologist, was so struck with the extraordinary talent he believed indicated by the shape of the little peasant's head, that he adopted him, took him with him to Paris, where he sent him to the medical schools, and where his young *protégé* earned so brilliant a reputation. A statue has recently been erected to his memory in his native village, exactly where formerly stood the thatched house in which he first saw daylight. Velpeau, Bostouneau, Joliet, Negrier, Denarquay, Hanbert, Michel Levy, who won himself so brilliant a renown in the Crimean campaigns, Clot-Bey, the French doctor who is at the head of the medical college at Cairo, (described in a former letter), and a number of others, who are among the brightest ornaments of the French medical school, are all of peasant birth. So also is Dr. Hebert, a very promising young physician, who is establishing at Clamart a home for invalids, desirous to combine the benefits of enlightened medical advice with bathing, exercise, baths, and a particularly bracing air, and the comforts of a well ordered country boarding house. Among artists, illustrious examples of names made noble by humbly born wearers are still more common; and the Rothschilds are by no means the only great commercial family that would be puzzled to prove the name and occupations of its grand-father.

## POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

This allusion to the Jewish financiers reminds me of the recent tribulation of the young Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who, since the termination of the magnificent festivities attendant on her recent marriage near London, has come to this city with her husband; the young husband being established in the superb hotel Pescatore, in the Place St. Georges. The heads of the family had thought that, in this princely residence (the abode of the late M. Pescatore, who rose from nothing, and died worth eighteen millions a short time ago), surrounded by every luxury that money could purchase, the felicity of the young couple must needs be complete.

But alas! the bride had no sooner made acquaintance with her new home, than her happiness was dimmed by perceiving that her husband bore over its gateway, the fatal number 13!—Place St. Georges, No. 13! She could not resign herself to such a dreadful circumstance; but what was to be done? A family council was called upon the subject; negotiations were entered into with the Municipal authorities, and the Civic Fathers at length consented to suppress the obnoxious numeral, and to allow the house to be numbered "No. 11 bis," on condition of its young mistress paying the sum of four hundred dollars for the poor of the city; an arrangement which was accepted upon the spot. The ominous number *thirteen* is thus banished forever from the gilded precincts of the Place St. Georges, which will henceforth rejoice in the possession of *two number elevens*! Nor is this old popular prejudice against the number in question, the only superannuated superstition lingering in this skeptical city.—Friday is equally the object of suspicion and distrust. The account-books of the Omnibus Company show an average reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the amount of fares taken on Fridays; and when the recurrence of Friday coincides with that of the thirteenth of the month (as has twice occurred this year), a diminution of one-half takes place in the number of omnibus-passengers.

The rain has driven the Court home from Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries are now rejoicing in the presence of the Bavarian sovereign.

## SUMMER AND WINTER.

The verdure in the gardens has come out wonderfully during the alternate sun and showers of the last three weeks; the great green tubs containing the orange trees, that form so characteristic a feature of the Parisian summer, have been wheeled out of the conservatories, and replaced in their summer position at the Tuileries and the Luxembourg. Some of these trees are thirty feet high, the foliage being so trimmed as to form a great round ball, slightly flattened on top, and clipped off square below, in the heart of which a tall man can hide himself with ease. Looking up from below, these trees are found to consist of a vast mass of branches, trained outwards and upwards, with leaves only at their extremities, where they grow so thick that they present a compact, even surface of foliage, blossom and fruit. Some of these trees are very old. At the Tuileries is a tree which dates from the era of the Constable Bourbon; at the Luxembourg are some which were planted by Gaston, brother of Louis XII. Among those of Versailles, is one that dates from the reign of Henri IV. Nor are the orange trees the only living relics still preserved here of by-gone centuries; several of the carp, in the ponds of Fontainebleau, as shown by the inscriptions on the silver rings round their necks, dating from even a remoter period.

Paris, in summer, is a totally different place from Paris in winter, both in aspect and in population; for not only does sunshine, with its *cortège* of flowers, foliage, and out-of-door

life and amusement take the place of the mud and rain, that make this gay city so disagreeable a field for locomotion during four months of the year, but the "upper classes," that flock hither for the social gaieties of winter, fly back to their chateaux in the country on the first approach of summer. The "middle classes" follow this example; and not having chateaux to which to betake themselves, hire little houses with a yard or two of garden in the pretty villages out of Paris, and rusticate with great satisfaction in this humbler way until October. The foreign visitors, on whom Paris counts for so much of its prosperity, change in like manner. In winter, these consist principally of the aristocracy of other European nations, especially of England, whose grandees take advantage of the closing of Parliament and of the London "season," to come here for a few months' dissipation, the Paris "season" being at its height when the former is at its lowest. In summer, the English "upper classes" are absorbed by the life of London; but the class just beneath them, rich, intelligent, and as much given to travelling as they, come over here in shoals; family-parties of a dozen members, all the young men with the roughish trousers and stand up shirt-collars, so much in vogue across the channel; all the girls dressed alike, with the brown straw hats that we so happily banished the odious blue gauze veils, and blue silk "sun-shades" of the few last years.

## A LARGE HOTEL, &amp;c.

But if these people are not quite as wealthy as their winter-predecessors, they are quite as good customers to the hotels, the number of which is constantly increasing. The great hotel du Louvre, built expressly for the "taking-in" (in all senses) of the visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1855, has maintained itself to the present time, and is become one of the favorite halting places here. This vast establishment consumes more gas annually than the town of Orleans; it consumes \$100 worth of meat, \$40 worth of poultry, and \$30 worth of bread daily; its annual washing amounts to \$30,000 per annum. It has 700 sitting-rooms, 800 beds, and averages 300 diners at its *table d'hôte*, supplied from the famous gastronomic kitchen of the *Trois Frères*. It has a coffee-room, reading-room, general parlor, and bath; and gives a concert every Monday, and a ball every Friday. Its attendance is very good; and its charges are moderate for the quality of accommodations.

The learned apes and dogs, alluded to in a late letter, are a "great success;" that bigoted paper "L'Univers," is out with a long tirade against them, or rather against their trainer, Mr. Hodson, and the public, which, it says, persists in applauding "an effort which is essentially impious, as it tends to make brute animals assume manners and perform actions such as nature never intended them to do; thus destroying in the public mind the wholesome and Scriptural belief of the radical difference between the instinct of animals and the Reason of Man, and leading to the detestable heresy which considers all the animated tribes of the earth as forming one continuous line, characterized only by differences in the *degré*, rather than the *nature*, of their intelligence."

I have not yet had time to see this "impious" performance; as soon as I can do so your readers shall have the benefit of my impressions.

## QUANTUM.

BEAUTY DEFINED.—Beauty, dear reader, is the woman you love, whatever she may seem to others.

WE know in day-time there are stars about us just as at night, and name them what and where. By right of science, so by faith we know, Although we may not see them till our night, That spirits are about us.

Since the introduction of the new cent, we don't say, "Not a red," but "nary nickel." Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The Empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. "Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?" The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered with his most serious air, "It means, madame, it means a venerable sage."

It is a question whether being called the "son of a gun," should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

THE good are never fatalists. The bad alone act by necessity, they say.

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lady servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all; she'll frequently lie down at half asleep by the side of it."

Unless you intend suicide, don't jump from the cars when in motion; but if you think you must, and won't be persuaded to behave like a sensible man, this is probably the best way to do it; jump sideways, as high as you can, and when in the air screw your legs up and bend the head forward. You will strike the ground with that part of the body that is or should be cushioned by nature for the purpose, and you will roll away from the train in the manner of a wheel. Hands to avoid scratches had better be in the trousers pockets. If you survive the operation you will feel better, it is quite likely, than if you had blundered off without regard to the rules of science, and broken your neck or cracked the dome of thought. One experiment will probably satisfy you as to the convenience and comfort of this method of getting off the cars.

A great critic, a man of profound and extended views, once said that, although he had seen many persons dressed for the part of Hamlet, he had never seen any one act it; and his experience included Kemble and the elder Keane.

It is said to have become the fashion of runaway wives in Kentucky to take the husband's bed with them. They have no idea of exposing themselves to be advertised as absconding from bed and board.

When great people are in distress, they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. Ah! what shall I do? exclaimed a horse in a quagmire. Take hold of my tail, squeaked a pious little mouse.

Speaking of the merits of a watch, Abel says he had one once that gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

## BAKERS' BREAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

French bread is said to be good bread; American bread has rather an ill fame, but if all American bread be like Philadelphia bread, we to all the Americans!

The times are changed indeed, since bread was deemed the staff of life. A miserably poor dependence would the bakers' bread of the present day be for frail humanity.

The word "loaf" is a pleasant looking word, and a pleasant sounding word, in its true acceptance; giving the idea of something baked, something brown, with real crust to it, with a wholesome flavor of its own, and palatable. A whole different thing is the construction termed a "loaf" by the bakers in Philadelphia.

Think what dreadful things are perpetrated by them, what horrors inflicted on us. The miserable box loaves, with no crust anywhere but a horny one on top, the color of yellow beeswax, and four grayish, skinny sides. Are these things bread? The narrow, melancholy looking twists, with an outside of the consistency of paper—one wonders why fire don't bake them, instead of making them damp and sticky. Another kind has a pointed roof on top, and a circular base; its chief peculiarity seems to be the utter impossibility of getting a knife into it edgewise or anywise. Weak rolls prevail too, insults to humanity, sold at a higher rate than the loaves—nobody knows why. One baker, and one of some note, too, in our city, sells these, weighing not quite two ounces, at a cent apiece, but will not, upon any persuasion, sell one, or an odd number—probably considering them too small to be seen by the naked eye.

But the climax, the horror of horrors, is a "loaf" which has appeared only within the last few years. This is the "double-backed twist." Solomon was of the opinion that there was nothing new under the sun. But Solomon never saw a "double-backed twist!" A thing like a stunted twist mounted on the back of another—a twist as you might see in the nightmare, running after you with murderous intentions—a pinched, sickly thing, and of a most singular reddish color; something like what is called scold in horses. I should like to ascertain who was the inventor of that style of bread; and I intend, when in better circumstances, to offer a reward for that man, (appearances are altogether against its being a woman), to be brought to me, dead or alive, if he is not hopelessly insane. Certain it is, no sound mind ever originated the "double-backed twist;" about as certain as that no sound body could subvert upon it and remain sound long.

These various productions are offered to purchasers under the pompous names of "French bread!" "English bread!" "New York bread!" "milk bread!" &c. Most of them are soft, damp dough when fresh; sour, hard dough when stale. Which is worse?

Of course, there are exceptions, but the ordinary condition of bakers' bread in Philadelphia is deplorable. Why need this be? Why does not some one baker undertake to make really good bread? The bran bread and the rye are in many cases so much alike, that you must ask which is which.

But if the bakers sell us bad bread, they do not make fortunes by it. One sees them fat often, but never rich. Carpenters own their houses, bakers never do more than rent them. The profession has its pride though. "We lose a great deal in the Summer time," a baker's wife was heard to say with much complacency, "when the season begins at the watering places and the Springs. Our customers all leave the city; thank goodness, we don't serve any of your poor stay-in-town folks."

With such bread as we eat, is it any wonder there is so much dyspepsia among us? Sometimes a little girl is seen just at dusk turning into a little street, with one of the above-mentioned productions lying on a blue-edged plate, and a penny (the change) lying on that. When it is a little boy the penny is in his mouth. It always occurs to me then, "There goes four cents' worth of headache into some laboring man's home." What can be done?

## DOROTHEA.

[Note by the Editor. "What can be done?" Why, so far as housekeepers are concerned, let them bake their own bread, first having learned how to do it. As to those who "don't live, but only board," we know not what to say.]

Brief but beautiful are the words in which George Sand speaks of one of the great events of a woman's life, the birth of the first child: "It was the happiest moment of my life, when, after an hour of profound slumber which succeeded to the terrible sufferings of that crisis, I awoke and found this little being asleep on my pillow. I had dreamed so much of it in anticipation, and was so weak, that I was not sure but I was still dreaming, and feared to move lest the vision should disappear, as heretofore."

"Why don't you take a seat within the bar?" asked one gentleman of another at the court-room. "For the best reason in the world," replied the other, "my mother always told me to keep out of bad company."

A western editor, having an eye upon a rival city probably, took occasion to vent his opinion, when another editor replied, and drew out the following neat apology: "In the mean time if we have said anything that we are sorry for about your city charter, we are glad of it."

There are a great many counterfeits among young women as well as among men. It is almost impossible to ascertain whether they are genuine metal unless you ring them, and that is sometimes a hazardous experiment.

SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.—"Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Smith; thinks it unnecessary his pigs should go through his grounds." Reply—"Mr. Smith's compliments to Mr. Brown; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell pigs with two g's."

Mrs. B. is very ill, and looking can improve her, I will see the Tuileries, and waddle through the Louvre."

A medical quarrel in one of the western towns seems likely to involve the whole faculty of the neighborhood. Some of them talk of challenging. If doctors must fight, let them load their pistols with pills, and shoot at each other's open mouths. They would soon get sick of that business.

## THE SILVERSMITH OF ACRE.

It had been a sultry day—one of those breathless summer noons so frequent at St. Jean d'Acre during the latter part of July and beginning of August. The sea lay stagnant as an African lake, and even the tallest branches of trees gave no indication of the slightest zephyr. Silence reigned over the whole town, save where the groans of the fever stricken found dismal echoes in death's desolated rooms.

Djezzar the Butcher, surnamed also the Terrible, ruled at that time over the pashalic of Acre; and though, even to this very day, his name is a perfect nightmare to the people of that part, in some instances he displayed much acuteness and even-handedness in dispensing justice among the Christian rajahs under his jurisdiction.

On the day in question the pasha had felt remarkably dull and languid; what with the heat, the prevalence of disease, and the consequent paucity of defaulters, there was little or nothing stirring to excite and stimulate his active disposition. Two men had been impaled in the morning for felony—a reviving spectacle, which had highly amused his excellency so long as the agonies of the poor wretches endured. Half a dozen Jews had even excited him to laughter by their grotesque exertions, when, as tied back to back, they were overcome by the effects of emetics previously administered. A baker or two had been nailed by the ears to the door-posts of the audience-hall for some short comings in weights. And one hour in the harem, who was a favorite, and consequently much noticed, having refused to dance at the pasha's bidding, under the plea of a burning fever with delirium, was mildly incited thereto by being seated upon the burning floor of the "Hammam," which, by the way, produced very different results from what Djezzar anticipated, by throwing the girl into a violent perspiration, and forthwith dispelling the fever.

These summed up the catalogue of that day's diversion for the pasha, and he was seated in a discontented and frowning mood, staring out upon the hot, blood-red sun as it dipped into the cool bosom of the western horizon.

About the same hour, in another quarter of the town, wearied with a hot day's honest labor and toil, Habeeb the Silversmith slipped off the shophoard and into his red slippers, with the intention of locking up and finishing work for the day. To this intent he emptied his cash-box of the day's profits, which amounted to ten piastres, and hauling down the upper shutter and hoisting up the lower (which had served as his shophoard and seat during the day,) he bolted and locked the same, affixing thereto a ponderous padlock that could be picked with a toothpick. Quite secure in his own mind, however, from burglars (although the shop contained his whole stock in trade, valued at nearly ten pounds,) the silversmith adjusted his turban and moustache, and with a light heart and keen appetite walked briskly towards his house in the Christian quarter of the town, thinking the while of his handsome young wife and the capital supper she had doubtless prepared for him. Now Habeeb was a well known and highly-respected tradesman, a cunning workman in his art, and on this account greatly esteemed even by the fanatical Turks of Acre. If you could only have seen the silver rings he turned out, the anklets and wristbands, the ear-rings, the nose ornaments, and the toe-rings, the astounding chains and bracelets that he made,—I say, if you could only have seen these, and how much they were prized and sought after by the female portion of the population, you must have admitted that, although the workmanship of the days of King Solomon had not quite revived, Habeeb made a good thing by his calling. You would not have been surprised that the lovely "Catoor," the belle of the Christians at Acre, should have easily consented to become his bride, and that, being his wife, he was immensely proud of her, or that she should (as she ought to have done) dote upon her loving husband.

Full of happiness, the silversmith reached his door, knocked loudly, and was instantly admitted by the black slave girl.

"Where is your mistress?" asked the disappointed husband, who was generally admitted and welcomed by the hands and face he loved best upon earth. "Mistress!" replied the grinning black, "why, I thought she had gone up to the shop; she left here soon after the 'asser.'" Here was astounding information for Habeeb! he could scarcely believe his senses. Search, however, having proven vain, he endeavored to console himself with the idea that his wife, being young and thoughtless, had gone off to the bath to meet some lady friend, and had been prevented from returning as soon as she expected.

Somehow or other his appetite was gone, the meal appeared tasteless, and every morsel he swallowed seemed to stick in his throat. Resolved to relinquish the attempt, he proceeded at once to the public baths in search of the truant; arrived here, great was his consternation on being informed by the man that guarded the entrance that his wife had never been there during the day.

Greatly dispirited, Habeeb returned towards his now desolate home, calling in at every friend's house to make inquiries after his wife. Even the nearest neighbors had seen or heard nothing of her during the afternoon. But one old lady suggested that a jinn had spirited her away. Scorning to give credence to such a report, the unhappy husband came to the desperate conclusion of repairing at once to the terrible pasha, and of there reporting the calamity that had befallen him. Arrived at the palace, Habeeb, trembling all over with awe, was ushered into the tyrant's presence just at the very moment when, as we have already seen, Djezzar was gloomily reflecting upon some alternative to banish *enawi*. He hailed the silversmith's arrival with manifest glee and evident satisfaction. In a few words Habeeb narrated his errand, which was a satisfactory one for the pasha, for it afforded him ample scope for the display of his talents and his power.

"Do you know," asked Djezzar, in a terrible voice, "any man for whom your wife has at any time evinced a partiality? or have you had any recent cause of dispute with her?" Habeeb replied in the negative, assuring the pasha that even up to that very morning no-

"The Mohammedan day is divided into four parts—viz., 'Sabb,' daybreak; 'Dohr,' mid-day; 'Asr,' afternoon; 'Maghrib,' sunset.

thing had ever occurred to interrupt the harmony of their lives.

The pasha then inquired whether the woman had taken her clothes or other effects with her. To this the silversmith replied that everything, saving what she stood in, had been left behind. "Good!" said Djezzar; "go you home directly and fetch hither with you your wife's 'marriage trunk.' We shall see if we cannot trace the truant by that means."

The silversmith went home and returned with the trunk as directed, when the pasha ordered him to open it in his presence, and take out every article that it contained, enumerating one by one how such and such a thing came into his wife's possession.

Habeeb obeyed, and, in doing so, displayed to view a goodly assortment of lady's apparel, all which he was able to trace as the gift either of himself or of some near relation. The pasha's brow lowered as he fancied himself frustrated in his scheme, when, from the very bottom of the trunk, the bewildered husband produced a most costly and highly embroidered silk tunic, for which he was wholly unable to account.

"That will do," said Djezzar, brightening up again; "you can go home now, and, by the beard of the Prophet! your wife shall be restored to you before a day has elapsed."

With many expressions of gratitude, and full of wonderment at the sagacity of the pasha, Habeeb retired to his home, there to puzzle his brain throughout the night as to what could have become of his wife, and how the dress could possibly effect her recovery.

Meanwhile, the pasha had sent a mandate to the "Tigri Bashi," head tailor of Acre, summoning him, with every tailor in the place, under dreadful penalty, into his immediate presence. It is needless to say that the command was instantaneously obeyed by the trembling herd of snips, who wondered what new experiments they were to form the subjects of. Arrived in the terrible presence of Djezzar, the silk tunic was laid out for their inspection, and, with a horrible menace, they were one and all invited to inspect the same, and the maker to acknowledge who he had made it for, and who had paid him for the making of it. After a brief survey, one intelligent young man boldly stepped forward and declared that the dress had been made by him for the pasha's treasurer, who had duly paid for the same.

Eying him sternly for a while, Djezzar replied:

"Young man, I read sincerity in your eyes, and believe what you say. You may, therefore, return to your respective homes at once."

The astonished and happy conclave thus dismissed, Djezzar sent an order to the little-suspecting treasurer for the immediate release of the Christian's wife, who was concealed in his harem. The treasurer vainly denied the charge, and was at last constrained to deliver up the hapless Catoor, who was conducted into the pasha's presence to find her ill-used husband already awaiting her in the audience-hall.

"Christian," said the pasha, "take back your wife. I swore I would recover her, and I have kept my oath."

But Habeeb, whilst acknowledging his great

gratitude, required of the pasha that justice should take its course.

"If," said the silversmith, "my wife was forcibly carried away, I shall be only too happy to receive her again into my house and my affections; but if she went of her own free will, then let the law take its course."

The evidence went against the woman, who was accordingly sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea; and as for the treasurer, he not only received the "sack" with regard to the post he held, but was thrown into a dreary dungeon, where he pined over his wickedness through many a weary long day.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Independently of the sharp sword hanging suspended over his head by a single hair, he lives in subjection to his guards as well as in terror of his enemies. He is surrounded by men whose fortunes depend upon the support of his power. He has given them wealth at their own dictation, by putting the railways in their hands, under conditions of unexampled advantage. They are as faithful to him as they are to their own interests, because they know that they must fall together, but if he presses on the people with his iron hand in his velvet glove, they press upon him with many iron hands and without the velvet glove.

We will give an instance. It is well known that the Emperor is fond of fine horses, and takes every opportunity of enriching his stud. A short time ago he happened to see a very splendid animal, and the desire to purchase it immediately followed. He accordingly gave instructions to an officer of his household, who went to the owner of the horse and signified the wishes of his master. The inclinations of sovereigns are more likely to be thwarted in great things than in small ones. The gentleman, for he was one, mentioned, in reply, the sum he had given but a little while back, and said that although he had no wish to part with his purchase, it should be the Emperor's on the same terms. The transfer was made, but the negotiator received into his own hands just six times the sum he paid into the hands of the vendor.

The profits arising from this transaction did not escape detection. The gentleman could not rest under the idea of being considered an extortioner; he obtained an audience, and laid the case before the Emperor: the reply was significant enough. The Emperor said that "he knew it, but had no remedy!"—London Lady's Newspaper.

In a recent assault and battery case, the counsel for the defence asked the witness if there was much force used in the "push," given complainant by defendant. The witness didn't know; "but there was enough to knock complainant's head from under his hat!"

"Sonny, does your father take a paper?" "Yes, sir, two of them. One of them belongs to Mr. Smith, and the other to Mr. Thompson. I borrow them every week."

Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, states that men and animals are principally composed of solidified air. A fellow on our right asks, "If this be so, is not every man a bag of wind?"

There is only one bad wife in the world, and every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot.



THE POPULATION OF CHINA: LIFE ON THE WATERS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The population of the Empire of China, according to official accounts which are considered credible by Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary to that Court, is upwards of three hundred and sixty millions of human beings, or at least one-third of the whole population of the globe. In 1655, it was reckoned about sixty millions, according to the history of this country, written by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Alvarez Semedo; so that, if this be true, the population has increased six fold in two hundred years. The support of this enormous population is a very serious consideration for the Imperial government. Hence, as Sir John Bowring observes, "there is abundant evidence of the redundant population pressing more and more heavily upon that government, and suffering more and more severely from an inadequate supply of food. Though there are periods when extraordinary harvests enable the Chinese to transport rice (the principal food of the people), from one province to another, and sometimes even to foreign countries, yet of late the importations from foreign countries have been enormous, and China has drawn largely on the Straits, the Philippines, Siam, and other places, to fill up a vast deficiency in supply. Famine has, notwithstanding, committed dreadful ravages, and the provisions of the Imperial granaries have been wholly inadequate to provide for the public wants. It is true that cultivation has been greatly interfered with by intestine disorders, and that there has been much destruction by inundations, incendiarism, and other accidental or transitory causes; but without reference to these, I am disposed to believe that there is a greater increase in the number of the population than in the home production of food for their use. It must be remembered, too, that while the race is thus augmenting, the causes which lead to the destruction of food—such as the overflow of rivers, fires, ravages of locusts, bad seasons, and other calamities—are, to a great extent, beyond the control of human prudence or human exertion. It would be difficult to show what new element could be introduced which would raise up the native supply of food beyond its present productiveness, considering that hand husbandry has given to cultivation more of a horticultural than an agricultural character.

"The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of immigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population. They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Java, we know, by a correct census, there are one hundred and thirty-six thousand. Cochina China teems with Chinese. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America; some have made their way to British India. The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable—to the Havana, greater still. The annual arrivals in Singapore are estimated at an average of ten thousand, and two thousand is the number that are said annually to return to China.

"There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable inland efflux of Chinese towards Manchuria and Tibet; and it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been to a great extent won from the aborigines by successive hordes of Chinese settlers. Now, these are all males; there is not a woman to ten thousand men; yet this perpetual outflowing people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind. Few Chinamen leave their country without a fixed purpose to return to worship in the ancestral hall—to bring sacrifices to the tombs of their fathers; but it may be doubted if one in ten revisits his native land. The loss of life from disease, from bad arrangements, from shipwreck, and other casualties, amounts to a trifling percentage on those who emigrate.

"The multitudes of persons who live by the fisheries in China afford evidence, not only that the land is cultivated to the greatest possible extent, but that it is insufficient to supply the necessities of the overflowing population; for agriculture is held in high honor in China, and the husbandman stands next in rank to the sage or literary man, in the social hierarchy. It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China, sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled, which is not practiced with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines, embracing miles, to the smallest handnet in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day—fishing by moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets, and every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not stalked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond, or kept for another day's service. And the lakes and ponds of China, not only supply large provisions of fish, they produce considerable quantities of edible roots and seeds, which are largely consumed by the people. Among these the excellent arum, the water chestnut (*sepius tuberosus*), and the lotus (*pelusium*), are the most remarkable.

The enormous river population of China (see our illustration), who live only in boats, who are born and educated, who marry, rear their families, and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards of their sampans—show to what an extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the numbers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone, it is estimated that



THE FLOATING POPULATION OF CANTON.

three hundred thousand persons (equal to about three-fourths of the whole population of Philadelphia) dwell upon the surface of the river; and the boats, sometimes twenty or thirty deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river boats used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theatres—for concerts—for feasts—for gambling—for solitary and social recreations; some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice—others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations from one place to another—some, called *centipedes*, from their being supposed to have a hundred rowers, convey, with extraordinary rapidity, the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports—all these, from the huge and cumbersome junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse constructions of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which the solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society—boats of every form and applied to every purpose—exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic.

"Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes—lands with gardens and houses raised upon the rafters which the occupiers have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needful for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and the vegetables for use, their flowers and their scrolls for ornament, their household gods for protection and worship. In all parts of China to which we have access, we find not only that every foot of ground is cultivated which is capable of producing anything, but that from the value of land and the surplus of labor, cultivation is rather that of gardeners than of husbandmen. The sides of hills, in their natural declivity often unavailable, are by a succession of artificial terraces turned to a profitable account. Every little bit of soil, though it be only a few feet in length and breadth, is turned to account; and not only is the surface of the land thus cared for, but every device is employed for the gathering together of every article that can serve for manure. Scavengers are constantly clearing the streets of the stercoraceous filth, the cloacas are formed by speculators in human ordure, the most populous places are often offensive by the means taken to prevent the precious deposits from being lost. The fields in China have almost always large earthenware vessels for the reception of the contributions of the peasant or the traveler. You cannot enter any of their great cities without meeting multitudes of men, women, and children conveying liquid manure into the fields and gardens around. The stimulants to production are applied with most untiring industry. In this colony of Hong Kong I scarcely ever ride out without finding some little bit of ground either newly cultivated or clearing for cultivation. Attention to the soil—not only to make it productive, but as much productive as possible—is inculcated as a political and social duty. One of the most admired sages of China (Yung-chin) says:—'Let there be no uncultivated spot in the country—no unemployed person in the city' and the fourth maxim of the sacred edict of Kang-hi, which is required to be read through the empire on the 1st and 15th day of every moon, in the presence of all the officers of State, is to the following effect:—'Let husbandry occupy the principal place, and the culture of the mulberry tree, so that there may be a sufficient supply of food and clothing.' Shin Nung, the name of one of the most ancient and honored of the Chinese Emperors, means 'the Divine Husbandman.'

"BOASTING OF RELATIONS.—I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a banner of the law." "A fig for your banner," retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose, "haren't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

"Insurance of ships was first practised in the reign of Caesar, in 45. It was a general custom in Europe in 1194. Insurance offices were first established in London in 1667.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

What spirit is 't that does pervade  
The silence of this empty room?  
And as I lift my eyes, what shade  
Glides off, and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe, this moment past,  
A known form filled that vacant chair,  
That, here, kind looks were on me cast  
I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away!  
But those—those seemed strangely near:  
Know't all my silent heart would say,  
His peace, his pain, his hope, his fear.

And from thy calm supernal height,  
And wondrous wisdom newly won,  
Do venture still to reach, seek  
And petty we beneath the sun.

From all this coil thou hast slipped away,  
As softly as the cloud departs  
Along the hillside purple-gray—  
Into the heaven of poetical hearts:

Nothing here suffered, nothing missed  
Will ever stir from its repose  
The death-smile on her lips unaltered,  
Who all things loves and all things knows.

And I who, ignorant and weak,  
Helpless in love and quick in pain,  
Do venture still to reach, seek  
The unattainable in vain—

Find it strange comfort thus to sit  
While the lone world unheeded rolls,  
And pray, ere yet the fancy flit,  
A friend's hand from the Land of Souls.

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES.—The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged.

"Why should I give you place?" cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families would readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bride's maid to cut all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

HOW THE WORLD IS MANAGED.—I have been told by a gentleman to whose taste great deference is due, that it has been found by careful observations of the fashions, how truly they follow the law of gradation, and are never arbitrary, since the new mode is always a step onward in the same direction as the last, and that the cultivated eye is always prepared for and predicts the new fashion. This fact suggests the reason of all offences in our new modes. It is necessary in music when you strike a discord to let down the ear by a preparatory note or two; so a change in our fashions may not be good because it is felt to be offensively sudden. I dare say the Parisian milliner from the materials in her boudoir will know how to make the bloomer costume good, and triumph over *Punch* himself, by introducing the gradations over which it has leaped. All that is a little harshly claimed by progressive parties may easily be conceded without question, if this rule be observed. Thus the circumstances may easily be imagined in which woman may speak, vote, legislate, and drive a coach, and all the most natural in the world, if only it come by degrees.—*Emerson.*

IS THE TOAD VENOMOUS?—The popular belief in the venomous nature of the toad appears to have existed long before Shakespeare; and it is a question which still gives rise to discussion in our own day. Cuvier's own opinion was that toads were not venomous, but his editors (Regne Animal) qualify this by saying, "There exudes from the skin of the back a white fetid humor, acrid, though not venomous;" "It also squirts a fluid from the anus, and attempts to bite." Dr. John Davy also maintained that they were poisonous, while Pottgerill maintained that they were innocent and useful. I have myself heard from good authority, although I do not absolutely vouch for its accuracy, that there is at least this ground for the popular belief, that a kind of acrid mucus is secreted by the skin of the animal, which, although it is innocuous as regards man, sometimes causes a bird seizing a toad instantly to let go its hold.

DREAM TESTIMONY.

In the year 1698 the Rev. Mr. Smythies, curate of St. Giles, Cripplegate, published an account of the robbery and murder of a parishioner, Mr. Stockden, by three men, on the night of Dec. 23, 1695, and of the discovery of the culprits by several dreams of Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. Stockden's neighbor. The main points were these:—In the first dream Mr. Stockden showed to Mrs. Greenwood a house in Thames street, telling her that one of the men was there. Thither she went the next morning, accompanied by a female neighbor, and learned that Maynard lodged there, but was then out. In the second dream Mr. S. represented Maynard's face to her, with a mole on the side of the nose (he being unknown to Mrs. G.), and also tells her that a wire-drawer must take him into custody. Such a person, an intimate of M.'s, is found, and ultimately M. is apprehended. In the third dream Mr. S. appeared with a countenance apparently displeased, and carried her to a house in Old street, where she had never been, and told her that one of the men lodged there. There, as before, she repaired with her friend, and found that Marsh often came there. He had absconded, and was ultimately taken in another place. In the fourth dream Mr. S. carried her over the bridge, up the Borough and into a yard, where she saw Bevil, the third man and his wife (whom she had never seen before). Upon her relating this dream, it was thought that it was one of the prison yards; and she accordingly went to the Marshalsea, accompanied by Mr. Stockden's housekeeper, who had been gaged on the night of the murder. Mrs. Greenwood there recognized the man and woman whom she had seen in her dream. The man, although not recognized at first by the housekeeper, being without his periwig, was identified by her when he had it on. The three men were executed, and Mr. Stockden once more appeared in a dream to Mrs. Greenwood, and said to her, "Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of Heaven reward thee for what thou hast done." After this, we are informed that she was "freed from these frights, which had caused much alteration in her countenance." This narration I have condensed from John Beaumont's work on Spirits, which was published only six or seven years after Rev. Mr. Smythies' account of the transaction. It is added that the relation was attested by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Dean of York, the Master of the Charter-House, and Dr. Ais. Dr. Ferriar and Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott have each produced their volume in aid of the dangerous task of explaining away the spiritual into the natural, and have each cited Beaumont's work. Nevertheless, of this remarkable account, coming with such an air of authority, they have not taken the smallest notice.—*Notes and Queries.*

WHISTLING.—The man who doesn't believe in whistling, should go a step further, and put a muzzle on bobolinks and mocking birds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A whistling collier will earn as much again money as a collier who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of his enemy, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.—*Albany Times.*

WELLINGTON'S LITTLE JOKE.—After the battle of Waterloo, the editor of this biography happened to enter the Duke of Wellington's opera-box in Paris, on some business. The Duke was sitting alone in an upper dark corner of the box, the seats in front being filled with fashionable London men and women, who were with great volubility discussing the battle, and assigning all the honors to the cavalry. The Duke listened, laughed, and in a low voice said, "I have told them that the British infantry won the battle, and all our battles; but it has been intimated to me that I know nothing of the matter, and I expect soon to be told I was not there."—*Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE PYRAMIDS.—One cannot see the grand sepulchres of Egypt without feeling that for such a tomb one would almost wish to die. Shelley said that the high marble walls and ceilings, so delicately carved, were not so much tombs as sojourning chambers for immortal spirits.—*Emerson.*

SCENES AT A FOUNTAIN.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

Here the proud peacock came to spread his fan,  
Its emerald luster and its purple eyes;  
The water, then all molten sapphire, caught  
The glory of those dyes.

Here the white doves came down to peck and prance,  
Like melting snow their mingling shadows fell;  
Driven in flapping circles round the clime,  
Scared by the clamorous bell.

And here the goldfinch, like a magic bird,  
Would perch and sing, unheeded and alone;  
Flitting the bright drows from its hazel wings,  
Upon the marble stone.

And here the panting stag bound, worn and weak,  
Hunted, to dip its red and frothy tongue;  
Sullen, not caring for the rippling fount,  
Or for the bird that sung.

Mopping and mowing, came the jester quaint,  
All red and yellow—ran to splash and dip;  
A mad song lurking in his wandering eye—  
A mad jest on his lip.

Here came the Queen of Hearts, sweet mistress Anne,  
"By Hercules, a most excellent fair!"  
So lisped Sir Ague, she spoke not, but stooped  
To re-arrange her hair.

The fat cook, reeking from his fiery den,  
Used here to rinse his salver and his dish;  
Marking, with staring eye of foolish awe,  
The gold and silver fish.

The falconer, busy with his bells and straps,  
Used here to bathe the bruised wing of his hawk;  
Smiling to see the bright eye of the bird—  
Marking him strut and stalk.

Here old Sir Richard spurred his hot-plashed steed,  
Faint with the scurry of a long day's chase;  
A cold frown on his hollow leaden eye,  
So full of pride of race.

And here the friar would sit and dip his beads,  
Thinking of Jonah and the water world;  
Or moralising on the fallen leaf, when now  
Autumn's gold banner furled.

Came here the young lord, rosy through his curls,  
Upon the house, those red hands washed the knife;  
Clapping his hands to see the silver-jet,  
And rainbow-bubbles float.

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Upon the house, those red hands washed the knife;  
Clapping his hands to see the silver-jet,  
And rainbow-bubbles float.

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HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.

In a curious essay by Dr. Binn, on the "Anatomy of Sleep," he thus directs us how to fall asleep:—

"The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process:—I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I ever heard of, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it.

"Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was a blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would—let him pause just here, and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a 'penny for his thoughts,' or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to the weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair, after toiling all day in the fields."

WHY IT IS "NO GO" WITH SOME BRIGHT INTELLECTS.—A strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife-blade in a miserable handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen; but, for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youths, who intend to carve out fame and fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this simile, and see to it that their bodies—the handles whereby they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind—are kept in sound-jointed, firmly riveted, perfectly cleaned condition.

Useful Receipts.

IMPROVED MODE OF COOKING SALT PORK.—For the benefit of those who, like ourselves, are obliged to use considerable salt pork, the following method is recommended, by which it is very much improved, especially for frying. Cut as many slices as may be needed, if for breakfast, the night previous, and soak till morning in a quart or two of milk and water, about one-third milk—skimmed milk, if not too near souring, is best; rinse till the water is clear, and then fry. It is nearly or quite as nice as fresh pork—both the fat and the lean parts.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

WARTS ON HORSES.—First cut off the wart with a sharp knife; then wash it thoroughly with a strong solution of copperas, which will prove an effectual cure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

FOR THE CURE OF WHOOPING COUGH.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post furnishes the following receipt for the cure of the whooping cough:



## WINE ARIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY LAURA M. COLVIN.

"I stood, again, on the rocky hill-side, and listening to the murmur of the pine boughs, drank deep draughts of delicious air."—Extract from the letter of a friend.

Drink deep of each delicious draught  
The murmurous bough distills,  
And let it waft pleasant dreams,  
That breeze from off the hills;  
Ay, quaff that unseen, crystal cup,  
By flower-fringed valleys hidden up,  
Mantled with wine that gods might sip:

Such was the nectar flowing free  
At the Olympian board,  
For pure, more inspiring draught  
Bright Hebe never poured:  
'Tis wine arial—and it gleams,  
Touched by the morn, in amber streams,  
Or purpled by the sun's last beams.

Upon that beaker of rich wine  
Floats more delicious joy  
Than in the blood-drops of the grape,  
Whose raptures scarce destroy  
Estatic art thou, rhytm-tanned,  
More than the Bacchic hand,  
With vine-wreathed Thyrsus in their hand.

Each breeze is fraught with full delight;  
On sunny slope and plain,  
Enchantments of the by-gone hours  
Seem pictured forth again;  
Woods whisper as to early dreams,  
Behold the berries' coral gleams  
In meadows silver-veined with streams:

Behold the faded fount of youth  
Bubbles o'er shining sand;  
For life puts on its morning hues,  
Brushing those aërial bands;  
Nectar for all care and pain;  
Elixir for the weary brain,  
Stealing through every sluggish vein:

Drink deep of each refreshing draught  
Of that aërial wine,  
And listen on the mountain side  
The music of the pine;  
And from the soft and summer air,  
Oh, drink of health no stated share,  
And give one pledge to Nature fair!

## THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

## CHAPTER I.

## AWKWARD ODDS.

Jurra was alone, and I continued to advance to the spot where he was standing. His back was towards me, for he still fronted in the direction in which Isolina had galloped off. He had followed her with his eyes, with a cry of disappointed rage, with a threat of malignant vengeance.

The sound of his own voice hindered him from hearing mine, and he was not aware of my presence, when I paused, scarcely three feet from where he stood, and directly behind him. I held my sword drawn; I could have thrust him in the back, through and through again, before he could have offered either defence or resistance. He was completely in my power.

Fortunate was it for him at that moment that I had been bred a gentleman, else in another instant his lifeless body would have lain at my feet. A plebeian blade would have made short work with the ruffian, and I confess that my lastings of fair play were sorely tried. I had before me a man who had sought my life—a deadly foe—a deadly foe to him I loved—a perjured villain—a murderer! With such titles for himself, he had none to the laws of honor; and I confess that for one short moment, I felt like ignoring his claim. 'Twas but for a moment: the thought revolted me. Wicked and worthless as he was, I could not stab him in the back.

I leaned forward, and tapping him upon the shoulder, pronounced his name.

It was the first intimation he had of my presence; and starting as if hit by a bullet, he turned his face towards me. The flush of anger upon his cheek suddenly gave place to a deadly pallor, and his eyes became set in that peculiar stare that indicates an apprehension of danger. This he must have felt keenly, for my determined look and drawn sword—to say nothing of the surprise by which I had come upon him—were calculated to produce that effect.

It was the first time we had stood face to face, and now I perceived that he was a much larger man than myself. But I saw, too, that his eye quailed, and his lip quivered at the encounter. I saw that he was cowed; I felt that I was his master.

"You are Rafael Jurra?" I repeated, as he had not made answer to my first interrogation.

"Si, Senor," he answered, hesitatingly.

"What want you with me?"

"You have some documents there (he still held the papers in his hand); a portion of them belongs to me. I shall trouble you to hand them over."

"Are you Captain Warfield?" he asked, after a pause, at the same time pretending to examine the superscription upon the commissary's letter. I saw that his fingers trembled.

"I am Captain Warfield—you ought to know by this time."

Without noticing the insinuation, he replied: "True—there is a letter here bearing that address. I found it upon the road; you are welcome to it, senor."

As he said this, he handed me the commissary's order, still retaining the other documents.

"There was an enclosure? I perceive you have it in your hand. I beg you will make me equally welcome to that."

"Oh! a note signed Ramon de Vargas? It was an enclosure?"

"Precisely so; and of course goes along with the letter."

"Oh, certainly; here it is, senor."

"There is still another little document in your possession—a safeguard from the American commander granted to a certain lady. It is not yours, Senor Jurra! I beg you will deliver it to me. I wish to return it to the lady to whom it belongs."

This was the bitterest pill I had yet presented to him. He glanced hastily first to the right and then to the left, as if desirous of making escape. He would fain have done so, but I kept him under my eye, and he saw that my hand was ready.

"Certainly there is a safeguard," replied he after a pause, and with a feigned attempt at laughter. "'Tis a worthless document to me; 'tis at your service, sir captain," and as he handed me the paper, he accompanied the act with another sorry exclamation.

I folded the precious documents, and thrust all three under the breast of my coat; then placing myself in fighting attitude, I cried out to my adversary to "draw and defend" himself.

I had already noticed that he wore a sword, and, like myself, it appeared to be the only weapon he carried.

I saw no pistols upon his person. I had none myself—nothing save a light cut-and-thrust sword. It was far slighter than the sabre of my antagonist, but it was a weapon that had seen service in my hands, and I had perfect confidence in it. I had no fear for the result against so cowardly an adversary; I was not awed, either by his heavier blade, or the superior size of his person.

To my astonishment, he hesitated to unsheath his sword!

"You must draw," I shouted with emphasis.

"You or I have now to die. If you do not defend yourself, I shall run you through the body. Coward! would you have me kill you with your blade in its sheath?"

Even the taunt did not nerve him. Never saw I so complete a poltroon. His white lips trembled, his eyes rolled wildly from side to side, seeking an opportunity to escape. I am certain that he had hoped to get clear, he would at that crisis have turned and run.

All at once, and to my surprise, the coward appeared smitten with courage; and grasping the hilt of his sabre, he drew the blade ringing from its scabbard, with all the energy of a determined man! His reluctance to fight seemed suddenly to have forsaken him. Had I mistaken my man? or was it despair that was nerveing his arm?

His cowed look had disappeared; his eyes flashed with fury and vengeance; his teeth gritted together; and a fierce *carajo* issued from his lips.

Our blades met—the sparks crackled from the creasing steel, and the combat began.

Fortunate for me, that, in avoiding the first lunge of my antagonist, I had to turn half round; fortunately I turned so soon, else I should never have left that glade alive.

As I fled in the new direction, I saw two men running towards us, sword in hand. A single glance told me they were guerrilleros. They were already within ten paces of the spot, and must have been seen long before by Jurra.

This was the key to his altered demeanor. Their approach it was that had inspired him with courage to begin the fight, for he had calculated the time when they should be able to get up, and assail me from behind.

"Hala!" shouted he, seeing that I had discovered them—"Hala! El Zorro—¡Jue! anda! anda! Mueran los Yankies! al muerte con el picaro!"

For the first time, I felt myself in danger. Three swords to one was awkward odds; and the red giant, with a companion nearly as large as himself, would no doubt prove very different antagonists from the poltroon with whom I was engaged. Yes, I was conscious of danger, and might have retreated, had I deemed such a course possible; but my horse was too far off, and the new-comers were directly in the path I should have to take to reach him. I could not hope to escape on foot: I well knew that these men ran as lightly as Indians, for we had often proved their capacity in that accomplishment. They were already too near. I should be overtaken, struck down, pierced, with my back to the foe.

I had no time to reflect—just enough to leap back a pace or two, so as to bring all three of them in front of me, when I found my sword clashing against their blades, and parrying their blows one after the other.

I can describe the unequal combat no further. It was a confused medley of cut and thrust, in which I was wounded and received them. I was wounded in several places, and felt the warm blood running under my clothes and over my face. I was wearied to death, and every second growing weaker and fainter. I saw the red giant before me with his hand raised on high. His blade had already drawn my blood, and was crimsoned at the point; it was about to descend with a finishing stroke. I should be unable to parry it, for I had just exhausted my strength in guarding against a blow from Jurra. My hopeless peril wrung from me a cry of despair.

Was it my cry that caused the blade to drop from the hand of my antagonist, and the uplifted arm to fall loosely by his side? Was it my cry that created the consternation suddenly visible in the faces of my foes? I might have fancied so, had I not heard a sharp crack from behind, and seen that the arm of El Zorro was broken by a shot!

It seemed like the awaking from some horrid dream. One moment I was battling, face to face, with three desperate men; the instant after, their backs were towards me, and all three were running as for life!

I followed them with my eyes, but not far; for at twenty paces off they plunged into the thicket, and disappeared.

I turned in the opposite direction. A man was running across the open ground with a gun in his hand; he was advancing toward the spot where I stood. It was he who had fired the shot. I saw that he was in Mexican costume; surely he was one of the guerrilleros—he had aimed at me, and wounded his comrade!

For some seconds, I fancied that such might be the case. Evidently he was bolder than any of the three, for he continued to advance, as if determined to attack me alone!

I placed myself in readiness for this new antagonist, taking a fresh grasp on my sword, and wiping the blood from my eyes, that I might the better receive him.

It was not until he was close to the point of my blade, that I recognized the long ape-like arms, and crooked, matelassé limbs of Elijah Quackenbush!

## CHAPTER LI.

## AN OFFICIAL BLACK-LIST.

The ranger, after delivering his fire, had not waited to reload, but ran forward with the intention of joining me in the hand-to-hand fight, though he carried no other weapon than his empty gun. But this would have been an efficient arm in such hands; for, despite his unsymmetrical build, Dutch Lige was stalwart and tough, and would have been a full match for any two of my assassins, had they stood their ground. But the crack of the gun had set them off like deer. They fancied, no doubt, that a stronger force was near; perhaps they remembered the terrible rifles of the trappers, and no doubt believed it was they who had arrived to the rescue. Indeed, such was my own belief, until I saw the oddly costumed ranger bounding toward the spot.

A glance satisfied me that I owed my preservation to Lige's love of botanical science. A large, globe-shaped cactus plant, bristling like a hedge-hog, hung dangling from the swivel of his gun—it was thus carried to save his fingers from contact with its barbed spines—while stuck into every loop and button-hole of his dress could be seen the leaves and branches, and fruits and flowers, of a host of curious and unknown plants. He had been herboring in the woods; and coming by chance within earshot of the scuffle, had scrambled through the bushes just in time to spoil the coup-de-grace intended by El Zorro.

"Thanks, Quackenbush! thanks, my brave friend! you came in good time: you have saved me."

"But a poor shot I've made, captain. I ought to have broken that red devil's skull, or sent my bullet into his stomach; he's got off too easy."

"It was a good shot; you broke his arm, I think."

"Ach! 'twas a poor shot; the cactus spoiled my aim. You hurt, captain?"

"I am wounded, but not mortally. I think I feel a little faint: 'tis only the blood. My horse—you will find him yonder—among the trees—yonder. Go, Lige; bring my horse—my horse!"

For some minutes I was out of the world. When consciousness came back, I perceived that my steed had been brought up, and stood near. The botanist was bending over me, and binding up my wounds with strips torn from his own shirt. He had one boot on; the other stood by, full of water, a portion of which he had already poured down my throat, and with the rest he proceeded to bathe my temples and wash the blood from my face.

This done, I soon felt refreshed and strong enough to mount; and having climbed into the saddle, I set out for the rancheria, my companion half guiding, half leading my horse.

By the path which we followed, we should have to pass close to the hacienda and within sight of it; but night had come on, and the darkness would hinder us from being observed. It was what I now desired, though I had left the cerro with hopes and wishes directly the reverse. With a red gash upon my forehead—my uniform torn and blood-stained—I feared I had been seen, lest my invalid appearance should create unnecessary alarm. But we passed on without meeting any one, either by the hill or upon the main road; and in half an hour after, I was safe within my *cuarto* in the house of the alcalde.

The incidents of the day preyed upon my spirits, and I was far from feeling easy about the future. I knew that my betrothed would be true till death; and I felt ashamed that I had doubted her, even for a moment. About her loyalty I had no uneasiness, and I mentally vowed never more to give way to suspicion.

It was no thought of that which now troubled me, but an anxiety about her personal safety; and this grew stronger the more I pondered upon it, till it assumed almost the form of a fear.

The man who had used such bitter threats, and behaved with so much rudeness, would scarcely stop at anything. 'Tis true I had deprived him of much of his power over her, by stripping him of the dangerous documents; but it was not the time, nor was he the man to stand upon nice distinctions of legality, where jealousy and cupidity were the incentives to action. Holding a sort of irresponsible office as the chief of what was less a patriotic guerrilla, than a band of brigands, it was difficult to tell what such a monster might or might not attempt.

In our absence from the post the ruffian would be full master of the neighborhood. What deed might he not accomplish with impunity, holding his power directly from the unprincipled dictator, whom he was accustomed to imitate as a model, and who would indorse any act of villainy, provided it was the act of one of his own satellites. I shuddered as I reflected.

The reappearance of Jurra and his band—for I doubted not that his followers were near—their reappearance in that vicinity, and at such a crisis—just as we were being withdrawn—had something ominous in it. They must have known ere this of the plan of campaign designed for the American army. Wheatley's rumor had proved well founded. The new commander-in-chief, Scott, had arrived upon the ground, and three-fourths of the "army of occupation" had been draughted to form the expedition destined to act upon Vera Cruz. As this general stripped our old favorite "Rough and Ready" of only his best troops, we had the consolation of knowing that the "Rangers" were among the "picked;" though for all that, many of us would have preferred remaining with the brave veteran who had already led us often to victory. I can answer for Wheatley and myself; I might also vouch for Hollingsworth, though far different were his motives for wishing to remain on the Rio Grande. His sweetheart was revenge—in his breast long cherished—to his heart faithful and true.

I have said that our design must have been known ere this; indeed the army was already in movement. Troops and brigades were marching upon Brazos, Santiago, and Tampico, there to be embarked for the south, and all that were to go had received their orders. The provinces on the Rio Grande were not to be entirely abandoned, but the army left there was to have its lines contracted, and would therefore cover much less ground. Not only our little post to be deserted, but the neighboring town, which had long been the headquarters of a division, was also to be evacuated. No force of our army would remain within fifty miles of the rancheria, and perhaps no American troop would ever again visit that isolated village. The reflection rendered me more than melancholy.

No doubt of it—the enemy was apprised of our movements. In our special case—that we, the rangers, were to march on the following morning—was well known to the people of the neighborhood. It had been known to them for several days; and it had not passed unobserved by us that the citizens of the place—those who were not Ayankies—had lately shown themselves more sulky and inhospitable, in proportion as the time approached for our departure. This brusquerie had led to several street-conflicts, in which knives had been drawn and blood spilled, and much "bad blood" begotten on both sides.

Another circumstance was not unnoticed among us. Ribald pasquinades, rudely written, and accompanied by threats of proscription, were at this time thrust under the doors of such of the citizens as had been friendly to us. Even the alcalde had received some documents of this character—perhaps emanating from a jealous *tiendero* who had looked with bitter eye upon the courtship of Wheatley and Conchita. It was not till afterwards I learned that similar missives had "come to hand" in a quarter that more concerned myself.

Some scouted the absurdity of these acts, alleging that they sprang from personal enmity, or originated in the mob-patriotism of the *leproso*. It was not so, as I afterwards learned; the government of the country, or at all events, several of its prominent members, countenanced the meanness; and at their instigation, a "black list" was made out in every town and village through which the American army had occasion to pass. Let the minister, Senor O—, make answer to this accusation.

I was musing on this disagreeable theme, after my return from the cerro, and endeavoring to sketch out some plan for the safety of my betrothed during my absence, but my thoughts proved barren. With a sort of faint hope that the villain Jurra might yet fall into our hands, I had despatched Hollingsworth—nothing loath for the duty—with a party of rangers upon his trail, and I was impatiently awaiting their return.

The voice of Wheatley aroused me from my reverie.

"Well, lieutenant, what is it?"

"Only that precious boy," answered he, with a significant smile, at the same time ushering "Cyprio" into the room.

The lad carried a note, which I opened. A green sprig of juniper was enclosed, and the simple word "tuya," was written in pencil. I knew the symbol well. The juniper is *tuya* in that most beautiful of tongues, and *tuya* from a lady signifies "yours."

"Anything more?" I asked of the messenger.

"Nothing," answered he, and he withdrew.

"Nothing, Senor Captain," answered the intelligent boy; "only to inquire if you had arrived safe."

She had been anxious then!

I separated the branch, let into two equal parts; one I placed in my bosom: the other, having fervently kissed, I enclosed in a folded sheet, upon which I wrote the words:

"Tuyo—tuyo—hasta la muerte!"

Cyprio bore back my parting message.

At midnight, Hollingsworth and his party came in from the scout. Nothing had been seen of the guerrilla.

"Nothing, Senor Captain," answered the intelligent boy; "only to inquire if you had arrived safe."

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CHAPTER LII.

## THE ROUTE.

It was a struggle between Aurora and the moon, which of them should rule the sky, when our bugle rang its clear *rescilla*, rousing the rangers from their slumber, and starting their steeds at the stall. The goddess of morning soon triumphed, and under her soft blue light, men and horses could be seen moving about, until the bugle again sounded; this time to "boot and saddle," and the rangers began to form in the plaza, and prepare for the route.

A single wagon with its white tilt and long team of mules already "hitched up," stood near the centre of the square. It constituted the whole baggage train of the corps, and served as an ambulance for our invalids. Both baggage and sick had been safely stowed, and the vehicle was ready for the road. The bugler, already in his saddle, awaited my orders to sound the "forward."

I had climbed to my favorite smoking-room, the azotea. Perhaps it was the last time I should ever set foot on those painted tiles. My eyes wandered over the plaza, though I little heeded what was passing there. Only the silent points of the picture were noticed by me—steeds under saddle and bridle; men buckling on folded blankets, holsters, and valises; a few already in the saddle; a few more standing by the heads of their horses; and still another few grouped around the door of the *pulperia*, *mescal* or *caldas*, with their swarthy Mexican acquaintances. Here and there, in front of some adobe hut, might be observed a more tender leave-taking. The ranger fully equipped—with arms, haversack and canteen—leaning against the heavy bars of a window, with face turned inward, as though he was talking to some prisoner through the grating of a jail. But he is himself the real captive, ensnared during his short sojourn, and still held in chains by the olive-skinned *poblanos*, whose dark liquid eyes may be seen on the other side of the *reja*, flashing with love, or melting with sad tenderness at the prospect of parting.

Others, again, are bidding their *adios* in retired corners, under the shadow of the church walls, or in groups of four or five more openly in the plaza itself. Early as it is the hour, the people have all arisen; and not a few of the brown, rebosa-clad, short-skirted wenches are already on their way, *jaro* on head, to the fountain. There the pitchers are filled, and lifted on their heads—perhaps for the last time—by the rangers, who perform the office with all the rude grace in their power. Then follows a profusion of smiles and bows, and a dialogue, on the ranger's part extending to the whole of his Spanish, which consists of the phrase:

"Mucho bueno, muchacha!"

The usual reply, accompanied with a display of pretty white teeth, is:

"Mucho bueno, caballero! mucho bueno Te-jano!" given in like ungrammatical phrase, in order that it may be intelligible to the person to whom it is addressed.

I have often been surprised at the success of my great uncounted followers with these *petite* dark-eyed damsels of Anahuac; but, indeed, many of the rangers are not bad-looking men. On the contrary, there are handsome fellows among them, if they were only put into clean shirts, and a little more closely shaven. But woman's eye is keen-sighted in such matters: she easily penetrates through the disguise of dust, the bronze of sun-tan, and the shaggy mask of an ill-kept beard; and no eye is quicker in this respect than that of the fair Mexican. In the big, apparently rude, individual, called a "ranger," she beholds a type of strength and courage, a heart that can cherish, and an arm that can protect her. These are qualities that, from all time, have won the love of woman.

It is evident they are not all friends whom we are leaving behind us. Hostile faces may be observed, many of them, peering from open doors or windows. Here and there a sulky leproso swings about in his blanket, or cowers by the corner of the street, scowling savagely from under his broad-brimmed hat. Most of this class are absent—as long since ascertained—with the guerrilla; but a few still remain to give shadow to the picture. They regard the approaches towards the women with ill-concealed anger; and would resent this politeness if they dared. They confine the exhibition of their spite to the dastardly meanness of ill-treating the women themselves, whenever they have an opportunity. No later than the night before, one of them was detected in beating his sweetheart or mistress for the crime, as was alleged, of dallying too long in the company of a Te-jano. The Te-jano, in this case, took the law into his own hands, and severely chastised the jealous *pelado*.

Even in the hurried glance which I gave to these scenes of leave-taking, I could not help noticing an expression on the faces of some of the young girls that had in it a strange significance. It was something more than sadness—it was more like the uneasy look that betokens apprehension.

Perhaps the state of mind I was in magnified my perceptions. At that moment a struggle was passing in my own breast, and a feeling of irresolution lay heavy upon me. All night long had my mind dwelt upon the same thought—the danger that menaced my betrothed—all night long I had been occupied with plans to avert it, but no reasonable scheme had I succeeded in devising.

It is true the danger was only hypothetical and undefined, but it was just this supposititious indefiniteness that caused the difficulty in providing against it. Had it assumed a tangible shape, I might more easily have adopted some means of avoiding it; but no—it remained a shadow, and against a shadow I knew not what precautions to take. When morning broke, I was still struggling under the same nervous indecision.

Problematical as was the peril my fancy had formed, there were moments when it appalled me—moments when my mind labored under a painful presentiment, and I could not cast off the load by any act of volition. With all my philosophy, I could not fortify myself against the belief that "coming events cast their shadows before;" and, spite of myself, I kept repeating in thought the weird prophetic words. Upon my soul, certainly, there were shadows, and dark ones; if the events should have any correspondence with them, then there was misery before me.

I have termed the danger in which Isolina was placed indefinite: it was not so indefinite, after a slight analysis; it was directly traceable to the presence of Rafael Jurra. True, there were other sources of apprehension; other perils surrounded her, arising from the disturbed state of the country—but these did not point at her in particular. That frontier province had been for years in a distracted condition—by revolution or Indian invasion—and war was no new thing to its people. In the midst of strife had the fair flower grown to perfect blooming, without having been either crushed or trodden upon. Isolina de Vargas was a woman of sufficient spirit to resist insult and cast off intrusion. I had just had proof of this. Under ordinary circumstances, I had no fear that she would be unequal to the emergency; but the circumstances in which she now stood were not of that character; they were extraordinary to an extreme degree. In addition to the light thrown upon Jurra's designs by his own menacing confession, I knew other particulars of him. Hollingsworth had helped me to a knowledge of this bad man, and that knowledge it was that rendered me apprehensive. From a nature so base and brutal, it was natural I should dread the worst.

But what could I do? I might have thrown up my commission, and remained upon the spot, but that would have been worse than idle. I could not have protected myself, much less another. The rangers once gone from the place, my life would not have been safe there for a single hour.

Only one plan suggested itself that had the semblance of feasibility—to seek another interview with Isolina—her father as well—and adjure them to remove at once from the scene of danger. They might go to San Antonio de Bexar, where, far removed from hostile ground, they could live in safety till the war should be ended.

It was only at the last moment that this happy idea came into my head, and I reviled myself that I had not conceived it sooner. The chief difficulty would lie in the opposition of Don Ramon.

I knew that he was aware of the friendship that existed between his daughter and myself, and furthermore, that he had opposed no obstacle to it; but how could I convince him of the necessity for so sudden an expatriation as the one I was about to propose? how should I persuade him of the peril I myself dreaded? and from such a source!

Another difficulty I might encounter—in the proud spirit of Isolina herself. Much did I fear she would never consent to be thus driven from her home, and by such a poltroon as she knew her cousin to be. She had cowed and conquered him but the day before; she feared him not; she would not be likely to partake of my painful apprehensions. My counsel might be disregarded, my motives misconstrued.

The time, too, was unfavorable. We must be on the march by sunrise—so ran our orders—and already the day was breaking. I cared not much for this; I could easily have overtaken my troop; but it was a delicate matter—that could only be excused by a certain knowledge of danger—to awake a gentleman's family at such an hour, even for the purpose of warning them. Moreover, should my advice prove fruitless, I reflected that my visit—which could not be made in secret—might aid in bringing about the very danger I apprehended. A circumstance so extraordinary could not fail to be noticed by all.

It was thus that I was held in irresolution, while my troop was forming for the march.

At the last moment, thanks to the thoughtful Hollingsworth, a compromise offered. He suggested that I should send my advice in writing. In that I could be as explicit as I pleased, and bring before my proteges all the arguments I might be able to adduce—perhaps more successfully than if urged by a personal appeal.

My comrade's suggestion was adopted; and in haste, but with a fervor resulting from my fears, I penned the admonitory epistle. A trusty messenger was found in one of the *ayankies*, who promised, as soon as the family should be stirring, to carry the letter to its destination.

With my heart somewhat relieved of its load, though still far from light, I gave the order to march. The bugle rang clear and loud, and its cheerful notes, as I sprang into the saddle, combined with the inspiration borrowed from my buoyant steed, produced a soothing effect upon my spirit.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## CAMP GOSPEL.

It was but a short-lived light—a passing gleam—and soon again fell the shadow, dark as ever. Strive as I might, I could not cast off the load that weighed upon my bosom; reason as I would, I could not account for its heaviness.

It was natural that a parting like ours should produce pain, and misgivings as to the future. My life was to be staked in the lottery of war; I might fall on the field of fight; I might perish by camp-pestilence—a foe that in the campaign kills more soldiers than sword or shot—the many perils of flood and field were before



me, and it was natural I should regard the future with a degree of doubtfulness. But it was not the contemplation of all these dangers that filled me with such a terrible foreboding. Strange to say, I had a forecast that I should survive them. It was almost conviction, yet it failed to comfort me. It comprehended not the safety of Isolina. No—take the contrary. Along with it came the presentiment, that we should never meet again.

Once or twice, as this dread feeling became most acute, I reined up my horse, half resolved to gallop back; but again the wild idea passed from me, and I continued irresolutely on.

Nothing of prudence, too, now restrained me from returning; it would no longer have been safe to go back to the rancho. As we issued from the plaza, we could hear distinct jeering, and cries of "Mueran los Tejanos!" It was with difficulty I could restrain the rangers from turning to take vengeance. One, the worse for mescal, had loitered behind, under the influence of the drink, fancying himself secure. Him the *pelados* had "bonneted," and otherwise maltreated. They would have murdered him outright, but that some of them, more prudent than their fellows, had counselled the mob to let him go—alleging that the Tejanos were yet "too dear, and might come back."

Again I had strife with my men: they would have returned and fired the place, had I permitted them. Fortunately, he who had been ill treated was a good fellow—scarcely worth the sympathy of his comrades—and I was well satisfied at his having received a lesson. It might be useful, and was much needed, for "straggling" was one of the rangers' most difficult to cure.

I doubt whether, in the whole history of war, can be found a conquest characterized by equal mildness and humanity, as is the "Second Conquest of Mexico."

It is principally for this reason the people have grown so well affected towards us. But there is another, perhaps, not less potent. From the extensive operations we are now about to undertake, they see that we mean war in earnest; and the belief has become general, that a large "annexation" will follow; that perhaps the whole valley of the Rio Grande will become American territory. It is but human nature in them to do homage to the rising sun.

The rangers are better disposed towards us than the common people; but this enigma is easily explained. The latter are more patriotic; that is, more ready to fight for native tyranny, than accept freedom from a foreign land. "Tis so in all lands.

The families *principales* of Mexico have good reasons for being friendly to us. They have a stake to lose, which, under their own government, has been ill guarded for them. No wonder they should desire to come under the broad protecting wings of the northern eagle. . . .

I found that another species of "annexation" had been going on during my absence. One of our officers had become annexed to a wealthy senorita of the place, and the marriage ceremony had been performed with great pomp and splendor. Another was talked of as being *en route*; and it was expected that the example would find numerous imitators.

I need not say that I was much interested by these *novelas*, and I returned with lighter heart to the camp.

On reaching the town, we were surprised to find that the division had not yet moved. It was to have marched on that morning, but a countermand had arrived from headquarters, delaying the movement for some days—perhaps a week.

This was rare news to me; and as soon as I heard it, my mind became occupied with projects and anticipations of a pleasant nature. I had hoped that we would be sent back to the rancho, but alas! no—our orders were to remain with the division.

As every available building was occupied by troops, the rangers, as usual, were treated as "outsiders," and compelled to take to the roads. Half a mile from the town, a spot was shown us for our camp. It was on the banks of a pretty rivulet; and there, having picketed our steeds, stretched our canvas to the sun, and washed the dust from our faces, we made ourselves at home.

I did not remain long by the camp. As soon as our tents were fairly pitched, I left them, and walked back into the town—partly to get more definite information as to the future movements of the army, and partly with the design of indulging a little in the social feeling. I had some old comrades among the different regiments of the division; and after such a long spell of rustication, I was not indisposed to refresh my spirit by the renewal of former fellowships.

At headquarters, I learned definitely that we should not march for a week at the least. So far good; and after hearing this, I proceeded to the *fonda*, the rendezvous of all the jovial spirits of the army. Here I encountered the friends of whom I was in search; and for a short while I found respite from the thoughts that had been harrowing me.

I soon gathered the current "camp gossip," and learned who were the "newspaper heroes" of the hour; over many of whose names my friends and I could not restrain either our satire or laughter. It appeared that the men of deeds were scarcely known beyond the limits of the army itself, while others, who in the field of battle had actually played the poltroon, had in battle become household words in the mouths of the people. One general, whom I myself saw hiding in a ditch during the rage of battle, was the theme of speech, sentiment, and song. The newspapers were filled with praises, and the windows with pictures of a "gallant dragon officer," who had somehow obtained the credit of capturing a battery. My rangers cried "Bah!" when I told them this. They themselves were the men who had first galloped over those Mexican guns!

"Keeping an editor in pay," was a standing sarcasm applicable to more than one of our generals; and the "army correspondent" taking the advantage of this propensity for fame, lived well, and swaggered in proportional importance.

Ah, glory! what sacrifices men make for thee upon the shrine of conscience! For my part, I do not think I could feel happy under the credit of a deed I had not performed. Surely the consciousness of having done a deed is of

itself a sufficient reward! He is but an unhappy hero who is not a hero to himself!

Pleasantly I heard about the relations existing between our troops and the people of the town. Many of the inhabitants had grown quite *apacitados*, in consequence of our excellent behavior towards them. Our conduct was compared with that which they had lately experienced at the hands of their own army. The latter is in the habit of seizing property at pleasure, on pretence of using it for the defence of the state. We, on the contrary, pay for everything—round prices, too—in bright American dollars. The rangers and merchants prefer this system, and would have no objections to making it permanent. Outrages are few on the part of our soldiers, and severely punished by the general. Our enemies contrast the modest bearing of the American soldier with the conceited strut and insolent swagger of their own gold-bedizened *militarios*, who are wont on all occasions to "take the wall" of them. It is only outside the lines, between the stragglers and lepers, that the retaliation system is carried on so fiercely. Within the walls, everything is order, with a mildness too rare under martial law. Private property is strictly regarded, and private dwellings are not occupied by our troops. Even the officers are not billeted in private houses; and many of them have to make shift in rather uncomfortable quarters, while most of the soldiers live under canvas. This state of things is scarcely satisfactory to the troops; and some grumbling is heard. There is no complaint, however, from the Mexicans, who seem rather astonished at so much forbearance on the part of their conquerors.

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ends by a midnight visit. An hour and a half of constant riding would bring me to the gate.

At the last moment of twilight we were in our saddles; and rode silently into the chapel that skirted our camp. After filing for some distance through a narrow path, we debouched upon the up-river road—the same that conducted to the rancho.

The trappers, Rube and Garey, acting as scouts, went forward in the advance. They were on foot—their horses remaining behind with the party.

It was a mode of march I had adopted after some experience in bush-fighting. The scouts of a marching force should always go on foot, whether the main body be dragoons or infantry. In this manner they can take advantage of the ground; and by keeping under cover of the timber, are enabled to reconnoitre the angles of the road in a much safer way than when on horseback. The great danger to a scout—and consequently to the party for which he is acting—lies in his being first seen, and the risk is greater when he is mounted. The horse cannot be drawn under cover without an effort; and the sound of the hoof may be heard; whereas in nine cases out of ten, a man on foot—that is, such a man as either Rube Rawlings or Bill Garey—will discover the enemy before he is himself seen, or any ambushade can be attempted. Of course the scout should never advance beyond the possibility of retreating upon the party he is guiding.

With full confidence in the men who had been sent forward, we rode on, tinging our pace, so as not to overtake them. Now and then we caught a glimpse of them, at the further end of a long stretch, skirting the bushes, or stooping behind the cover, to reconnoitre the road in advance. To our chagrin, it was clear moonlight, and we could distinguish their forms at a great distance. We should much have preferred a darker night.

The road we were travelling upon was entirely without habitation; most of it ran through light chaparral forest, with neither clearing nor homestead. One solitary rancho stood at equal distances between the town and the rancho; and was known among the rangers by the familiar sobriquet of the "half-way house."

It was a poor hovel of yucca, with a small patch around that had once grown yams, chile-pepper, and a stock of maize for whoever had inhabited it; but its occupants had long since disappeared—the prowling soldier robber from the camp had paid it many a visit, and its household gods lay broken upon the earth. The *tortilla* stove and *comal*, red earthen ollas, calabash cups, bedsteads and benches of the *casa raquera*, a whirling spindle, an old stringless jaraca or bandolón, with other like relics, lay in fragments upon the floor. Mingling with these were cheap colored wood-prints, of saints and Saviour, that had been dragged from the walls, and with the torn leaves of an old Spanish *misal*, trampled in dust and dishonor.

I paint this tableau of ruin, not that it was in any way connected with the events of our narrative, but that it had strangely affected me. On the day before, as we rode past, I had halted a moment by the little rancho, and contemplated the scene with a feeling of melancholy that amounted almost to sadness. Little thought I that a still sadder spectacle awaited me in that same spot.

We had approached within less than half a mile of the rancho, when a strange medley of sounds reached our ears. Human voices they were, and borne upon the light breeze we could distinguish them to be the voices of women. Occasionally harsher tones were heard mingling in the murmur, but most of them had the soft, rich intonation that distinguishes the female voice.

We all drew bridle and listened. The sounds continued in the same confused chorus, but there was neither song nor joy in the accents. On the contrary, the night-wind carried upon its wings the voices of "lamentation and wailing."

"There are women in trouble," remarked one of my followers in a loud, suggestive tone. The remark caused all of us simultaneously to ply the spur, and ride forward.

Before we had galloped a dozen lengths, a man appeared coming from the opposite direction, and advancing rapidly up the middle of the road. We saw it was the scout Garey; and, once more reining up, we awaited his approach.

I was at the head of the little troop, and as the trapper drew near, I could see his face full under the light of the moon. His expression was ominous of evil tidings.

He spoke not until he had laid his hand upon the pommel of my saddle, and then only in a subdued and saddened tone. His words were: "That's ugly news, cap'n."

Oh that terrible foreboding! "News?—ill news?" I stammered out; "what, for Heaven's sake?—speak, Garey!"

"They've been playin' the devil at the rancho. There ruffins heh behaved wuss than Injuns would a done. But come forward, cap'n, an see for yerself. Rube's a tryin' to pacify them, poor critters."

Oh that terrible foreboding! I made no response to Garey's last speech, but rode forward as fast as my horse could carry me.

A brace of minutes brought me up to the rancho, and there I beheld a spectacle that caused the blood to curdle in my veins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REBEL SIMPLICITY.—A little girl of six years of age, on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked by her aunt "How she liked the city?" "Oh! ma'am," replied the girl, looking her questioner full in the face. "Oh! ma'am, I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

Far more to be well known of food than man.

It is said, that when the cars upon one of the Pennsylvania Railroads were at full speed a few days ago, a flock of pigeons, in an attempt to fly across the track, were overtaken, caught under the furnace, and in five minutes were handsomely cooked. The next day a cow was caught and cooked in the same manner. If the locomotive will only put on a little more steam, perhaps she can daily catch and cook poultry and cattle enough to furnish dinners for the passengers.

## ROADS AND WALKS IN PLEASURE GROUNDS.

These are a great convenience and embellishment to every well-ordered country place. A house, fine as it may be, is not complete without an ample, well-made approach road. Lawns, trees and shrubs are not complete without walks winding among them, rendering every part easy of approach. As every good road or railway constructed through a new country adds to its value by making it easy of access, so, and for the same reason, do good walks add to the value of one's premises. Pleasure grounds are generally most enjoyable at morning and evening and after showers; at such times, therefore, dry and smooth walks are particularly desirable.

In laying out one's grounds, it is no easy task to make a good disposition of the roads and walks. One thing, however, is plain, that the entrance should not be directly in front of the house, and lead in a straight line to the front door. If, for any reason, the entrance gate must stand flatly before the house, let it be concealed by shrubbery, and let the road, as soon as it enters the grounds, sweep aside a little, in an easy curve, before it reaches its termination at the house-door. It is a better arrangement to have the gate a little one side of the middle of the residence, and to conduct the road through the premises in an easy, flowing line, not needlessly prolonged, however, to the house. From this point the carriage-drive will pass round to the stable in the rear of the premises. In some cases there will be a demand for another and more private road, for teams to bring in wood, hay, manure, coal, &c. This should enter at some other point in the grounds, and lead in a straight line from the highway to the stable and other out-houses; and it should be concealed by a hedge or other masses of trees and shrubs. Ordinarily, there will be no need of other roads in one's grounds.

The number and length of the walks must be determined partly by the size of the premises, and partly by the length of one's purse. If they are so numerous as to be continually in sight of each other, they look purple in themselves, and they give a place a narrow and petty appearance. They are somewhat expensive, also, to construct and to keep in repair. And no walk should be made unless it can be kept in perfect order. The particular features of each place will indicate where walks should be laid out. Of course there should be one from the entrance gate to the house. In some cases, this may be one and the same with the carriage road; but where the distance is not too great, it had better be separate, as it can be kept smoother and neater than a road travelled over by horses. If there is a summer-house in the grounds, or a rustic seat under some spreading tree commanding a prospect, or an ornamental vase or sundial, or grotto or separate flower garden, or other objects of interest, walks may be laid out to any or all of these; but none should be made without some apparent object in view. Walks should conduct, also, to the rear of the premises and to the kitchen garden.

The manner of constructing such roads and walks is a subject of considerable importance. Carriage roads should not be less than ten feet wide; walks may vary from two to sixteen, according to the size of the grounds. Carriage roads and the main walks should be formed in a durable manner. An excellent mode is, to excavate the earth a foot in depth, cover the bottom of the cavity with large cobblestones; then put on a layer of smaller stones and coarse gravel, ramming down the whole firmly as the work proceeds, and cover the top with a coating of fine gravel. Rake off the coarser parts, and roll with a heavy roller. The surface, when finished, should be level with the surrounding ground, and should be slightly rounded in the middle, to turn off the water on each side. It is recommended by some to use flat stones, six inches thick, for the foundation, instead of cobble, as the latter sometimes get loosened under a heavy load or the stamping of horses, and rise to the surface. Very clean gravel is not so desirable as that which has a little sand or clayey loam mixed with it. Pure gravel cannot be made into a smooth and compact surface; it needs a little soil to bind it. Roads and walks made as above mentioned will furnish a good footing in all weather; they will need few repairs, and seldom be infested with weeds.

But it would be expensive and laborious to make all the walks in one's premises in this careful manner. For the minor walks it will answer to take off the top soil three or four inches deep, round off the surface, lay on a coating of coal ashes, and cover this with gravel. Pleasant walks are sometimes made by first securing a smooth sward on the line intended for walks, and then mowing the grass very short every few days. The proprietor keeps on hand a lot of rubbers of all sizes for the use of pedestrians, preferring this to the trouble and expense of keeping gravel walks in order. Such walks are pleasant, to say the least, in the middle of a summer's day, when the overshadows can be dispensed with.

A hard, dry walk, and one impervious to weeds, it is said, can be made by using coal-tar, mixed with sand and ashes. The method is this: First, give the walk its proper shape, and beat it smooth. Then mix a given quantity of dry road sand and half as much sifted ashes. Spread this on a dry place, as the mass dries his sand and lime, and pour over it coal-tar boiling hot, mixing the whole with a shovel, and then spread it on the walk three or four inches thick. Powder it all over with dry and rather coarse sand, after which a few turns of the roller will press it level. Leave it for a few days to harden, after which the walk is fit for use, and will last many years. This work must be done on a very dry day. So say the books; but we hear it whispered that this fine, hard surface is soon broken up by the frosts of winter.

Gravel walks on hilly ground should have frequent, small outlets at the side for carrying off the water into concealed drains at the sides. The surface should be well rounded, so as to shed the water rapidly, before it has time to rut the gravel.—A. D. G., in Country Gentleman.

It has been suggested that the culture of hemp be tried in the south. An editor, remarking upon the subject, says that he knows all about cotton and rice, but doesn't understand hemp at all. Perhaps he may yet get the hang of it.

## VALUE OF THE SUNFLOWER.

The observation and remarks of Lieutenant Maury in regard to the sunflower being a preventive of fever and ague, if cultivated in malarious districts, seems to have roused up quite an affection for that coarse, jolly-faced, honest, old-fashioned flower. We are glad of it; we always liked the hearty, uncouth beauty of the sunflower, and if it shall prove to Lieutenant Maury's it will—a protector of the health of those in fever and ague climates who may cultivate it, there will be an additional claim on it for its utilitarian qualities.

We have formerly taken some pains to enumerate the many good qualities of the sunflower. The above *anti-malar* property is a new one, and we will here name a good use which we have heard made of it. A friend told us that while travelling over one of the western prairies, he stopped at the house of a settler, situated alone by itself, no neighbor being in sight. He called for some food. It was the house of a settler just beginning, and there were no women as yet there. The man said he would prepare a meal for him, and soon filled his tea-kettle and placed it on the stove. But how are you to heat it? said the guest; I see neither coal nor wood here. I will show you, said his host, and going up stairs brought down a large sunflower, its disk covered with seed, with a match to set it on fire, and placing it under the kettle it soon set it to boiling, and a nice cup of tea was soon smoking by him. We do not see that the sunflower will become a cherished crop in the South and West. While growing it will ward off disease. Its leaves make good fodder for cattle, and also excellent cigars for smoking. The stalk, as also the seed cap, are good for fuel. The seeds are excellent for fowls, and will also afford a pure oil. In short, the good old sunflower will become a great source of health and comfort to those who give it a chance to grow.

It is not supposed that there is any specific virtue in the sunflower, to ward off disease arising from miasma in the atmosphere. This property, if it really is in it, is owing to its large and abundant foliage. Its growth is rapid, and its large leaves, like other leaves, drink in the air with all its impurities, and by their action convert noxious, different elements, to their own use, and return the pure oxygen again to the air, for the use of the animal kingdom.

Next to the sunflower, we should think the artichoke would be useful for this purpose. Although the leaves are not so large as the sunflower's, they will grow thicker and have the advantage of being a permanent crop, continuing for years after being planted, and therefore not needing a new seeding every spring.—Maine Farmer.

THE LAWYER AND THE JOCKEY.—Some one of the Boston Evening Transcript's corps of reminiscences, has been telling some anecdotes about members of the Massachusetts bar, and among them we find this good one:—

A jockey having once consulted Harrison Gray Otis in a horse case, the latter sent him a bill of twenty dollars for advice. The client expostulated, but Mr. Otis explained to him so fully and so blandly the reason of such a charge—how he had spent years and years in study, and thousands on thousands on fitting himself to advise in such matters, that the jockey was obliged to capitulate and pay the bill. Not long afterwards Mr. Otis was standing in the street, examining a horse that he thought of purchasing, and seeing his client passing, called him up and asked him what he thought of the animal. The jockey set his hat askant, examined him on all sides, pronounced his opinion on him dogmatically, and then held out his hand for a fee. It was Mr. Otis's turn now to expostulate, but it was all in vain; our jockey recounted to him at what cost of time and money he had fitted himself for judging horseflesh, and ended by saying: "Come, come, Mr. Otis, professional men must be paid; my charge is only twenty dollars." Mr. Otis appreciated the joke, and paid the bill.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH AND THE DIGNITY OF LEARNING.—Being called to visit the Marchioness of Monclair, the wife of the Viceroy of Valencia, the celebrated Dr. Collado felt her pulse at his first interview, while standing by the side of her bed. Following him to the door, one of the attendants told him that the physicians of Castle were accustomed to feel his mistress's pulse on their knees. "But I am Collado," was the answer, "and I kneel only to God. The dignity of talent and learning was here, at least, able to cope with the arrogance of the meanly great; and the physician declined to renew his visits, till they were repeatedly entreated, with the promise that he should be offered a chair.—Edinburgh Medical Journal.

Many a man has rashness enough to do wrong, who has not courage enough to confess it.

In many hours, we feel that duty is our place.

THE STOCK MARKET.

COLLECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. M. HENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.	Phil. & N. Y.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. 4 per cent.	98 1/2	99	Reading	27 1/2	28
" 5 "	97 1/2	98	Miner	44 1/2	45
" 6 "	96 1/2	97	Har & L.	85 1/2	86
" 7 "	95 1/2	96	Western	12 1/2	13
" 8 "	94 1/2	95	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 9 "	93 1/2	94	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 10 "	92 1/2	93	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 11 "	91 1/2	92	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 12 "	90 1/2	91	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 13 "	89 1/2	90	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 14 "	88 1/2	89	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 15 "	87 1/2	88	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 16 "	86 1/2	87	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 17 "	85 1/2	86	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 18 "	84 1/2	85	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 19 "	83 1/2	84	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 20 "	82 1/2	83	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 21 "	81 1/2	82	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 22 "	80 1/2	81	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 23 "	79 1/2	80	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 24 "	78 1/2	79	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 25 "	77 1/2	78	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 26 "	76 1/2	77	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 27 "	75 1/2	76	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 28 "	74 1/2	75	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 29 "	73 1/2	74	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 30 "	72 1/2	73	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 31 "	71 1/2	72	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 32 "	70 1/2	71	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 33 "	69 1/2	70	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 34 "	68 1/2	69	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 35 "	67 1/2	68	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 36 "	66 1/2	67	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 37 "	65 1/2	66	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 38 "	64 1/2	65	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 39 "	63 1/2	64	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 40 "	62 1/2	63	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 41 "	61 1/2	62	W. & A. L.	12 1/2	13
" 42 "	6				



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## Wit and Humor.

## MAKING THE WORKS GO.

In the days of fierce debate on the tariff, when Whigs and Democrats were separated by strict party lines, an Irishman who had just been naturalized, and was anxious to exercise his new right of suffrage, made his appearance before our present worthy city clerk, F. S. McCleary, Esq., and submitting his papers, expressed a desire that his name should be placed on the voting list. The new candidate for full honors was named James, and was accompanied by a companion called Patrick, a man that had been through the mill, and who had volunteered to initiate the former in the mysteries attending his becoming a citizen with the right to vote.

James looked at the chief with the utmost reverence, as he wrote out his name and placed it on the 12th Ward list, and when Mr. McCleary signified that there was no occasion for their remaining any longer, James still lingered, and once more asked permission to have a look at the list.

"You see, my good man, your name is on. There can be no mistake about it," said the clerk, slightly impatient, for he had had considerable work to perform about that time.

Mr. McCleary placed his finger on the name, and called James' attention to it.

"Is that me name?" cried James, with a look of intense delight on his face.

"Certainly it is—can't you read it?"

"Whist, don't be impatient, young man, for it's me name that's had me edification neglected. And will ye spill me name for me?"

Mr. McCleary spelt, slowly and distinctly,—"J-a-m-e-s C-o-n-n-e-r."

James listened, with one eye closed and the other fixed upon the clerk's lips, as though determined not to lose the pronunciation of a single letter, and as the clerk concluded he drew a long sigh and said—

"And am I a voter, sure?"

"Yes."

"And the blackguards at the pools can't hinder me?"

"Of course not."

"Then glory to God, for it's a happy day to Jim Conner. Won't the old woman feel proud to know that her young 'uns will be full-blooded 'Merican, and kin vote without bein' civilized? Whoo! long life to the country! Would ye be after goin' out wid us and takin' a drop?"

Mr. McCleary declined the invitation, and his visitor lingered around for a few minutes, as though anxious to have one more look at his name on the list, but thinking it would be too much trouble, he prepared to take his departure. Suddenly a new idea struck him, when seeing Patrick, his companion, by the shoulder, he drew him one side, and in a hoarse whisper, asked,

"Pat, ye devil, how shall ye vote at the 'lection, Jamey?"

"Ah, begar it's me self that knows 'em full well, Pat."

"Well, Jamey, last year I love the Dimercatic ticket, and the works have stopped. Throw the Whig ticket, Jamey, throw the Whig ticket, and the works will go again."

It is not recorded how James voted, but the works commenced operations shortly afterwards, and it may have been owing to his vote.

—*Boston Herald.*

## LOVE IN CHINA.

Meadow's History of the Chinese and their Rebellions, lately published in London, is the most philosophic work which has yet appeared on the Chinese. A chapter on love contains the following story—

"A Chinese who had been deeply disappointed in marriage and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways—retired with his infant son to the peak of a mountain range in Kweichow, to a spot quite inaccessible to the little-fellow Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods, and stand up in awe and abhorrence of the devil, but never mentioned woman to him, and always descended the mountain alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son evidently stopped short, and pointing to three approaching objects, cried—

"Father, what are these things? Look! look! what are they?"

"The father answered, with a peremptory order—

"Turn away your head, they are devils!"

"The son, in some alarm, turned away, not seeing that the evil things were gazing at him from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain top in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his anxious and puzzled parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain—

"Oh, father, that tallest devil—that tallest devil—father!"

ANecdote of Dr. Cox.—When the celebrated Doctor was in Paris, he preached a temperance sermon in the French language to a numerous body of parishioners, and at the close of his animated discourse, recommended his astonished hearers to eschew everything else but "the water of life." Of course, speaking in French, he used the phrase "eau de vie," which certainly means "water of life," but which is also the French term for brandy! Imagine the effect!

CAPTAIN SPHINX'S WATCH.—That was an immense watch which Captain Sphinx used to parade before the eyes of the humble—an immense watch—large as a dial, and weighing a pound. "My gracious," said one of its admirers, handling and hefting it, "if I had a watch with this morning, I could ha' killed a dog with it." Such a use for such a watch disgusted Sphinx.

A Carpenter's apprentice, too lazy to work, dodges it in this fashion: When he takes a notion, he bumps his nose against a post till it bleeds, and then sits down to have a resting spell.

Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—Moreover, the dog—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—*Boston Courier.*



THE SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE SUCCESS OF THE NEW STRAW STABLES AT ALDERSHOT, ENGLAND.

## CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

A clerical correspondent has communicated to the Boston Courier a series of entertaining anecdotes, from one of which we select several droll ones:

## A SALT'S WEDDING.

On a wedding occasion, when the waiter was handed round to a large company, it was first offered to the bridegroom, who was a noble-hearted Marbledale salt, somewhat advanced in years, but not much acquainted with fashionable life; taking the waiter, with all its contents, into his lap, and making use of one of his favorite phrases, he exclaimed—"My body, mate, you have helped me bountifully!" After the ceremony, he inquired whether we could not have a tune, and on being asked what he would like to have sung, he replied: "What is the name of the town down east they used to call New Marbledale?" and on being asked if it were Wyndham, he answered—"Yes, Wyndham, that is a tune which always lifts me right up!" On being told that it was an excellent tune, but rather suited to a funeral than a wedding, he said, "I don't know 'bout that; but it always lifts me right up!" and to gratify the good old man, the tune was sung, and he was greatly pleased.

## SLEEPING IN MEETING.

The Rev. Dr. P., of Medford, once conversed with me on the subject of such scenes, which were sometimes embarrassing to clergymen, and mentioned several incidents within his experience which were interesting and amusing. He had a worthy old parishioner, who worked hard as a farmer during the warm weather, and was much troubled with drowsiness at church on the Sabbath. His seat was at the head of the upper long bench, appropriated to aged people, next the broad aisle, and consequently almost directly under the pulpit. On one occasion, while the doctor was preaching, he could not keep his eyes off the good old man, who had adopted the singular expedient, for keeping himself awake, of taking a pin between his thumb and finger, and holding it in such a position, that if he nodded it would touch his nose. The preacher every moment touched the catastrophe to take place, as it speedily did. In consequence of a heavy and fatal nod, the pin entered the old gentleman's nose and remained projecting from it, while he sprang bewildered from his seat, and threw himself into the aisle, where his hobnob had fallen: this he recovered and placed upon his head wrong side before, and resumed his seat amidst the irrepressible laughter of the congregation. The doctor himself was compelled to turn his back on his audience to recover his self-possession.

## DOGS IN CHURCH.

At another time, he left his son, an incorrigible lad of fourteen, at home on the Sabbath, to take charge of a large and valuable mastiff that had acquired the habit of going to meeting and disturbing the congregation by mounting to the pulpit after his master. While the boy was thus situated, together with the dog, in his father's study, by way of amusement he tied a pair of white bands, that were on the study-table, round the dog's neck and gave him his liberty! He immediately wended his way, of course, towards the church, which he entered during the long prayer, ascended the pulpit stairs, placed his paws on the door of entrance, and fixed his eyes upon his master. The doctor, who was a large and powerful man, conscious of what was going on, put his hand upon the mastiff's head and endeavored to force him away; being unsuccessful, he repeated the effort, putting forth more strength, when, *horribile dictu!* he upset the intruder, and he fell most disastrously upon the deacon's head!

A third incident which he related was that of a lady, who, as was not uncommon where she lived, carried quite a young child to meeting along with her, and with it a small crockery pitcher of milk, with which to keep the child quiet, and which she placed outside the pew, in the broad aisle. A little troublesome pup that was wandering about the house, on perceiving the pitcher, with difficulty thrust his head in and could not withdraw it; he therefore went off with it, shaking his head and making a hideous noise, the milk meantime running all over him, till the pitcher was smashed into a hundred pieces!

A DUTCHMAN.—A facetious gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed:—"Boy, extricate that quagmire from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and, when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying:—"Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

Feeding Cows for Butter—New Views. BY J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., PHILADA.

A new and most important scientific and practical fact has recently been developed in England in regard to the economy of the dairy, where butter is the main object, by the experiments of Dr. R. D. Thomson, lecturer on chemistry in the University of Glasgow, which were undertaken, it appears, by order of the British Government, to ascertain the relative butter-producing qualities of barley, malt, molasses, linseed meal and bean-meal, employed in various combinations, with the addition of any good hay to furnish bulk of food for the stomach of the cow, as well as nutritive and fat-forming elements.

In these experiments, which were very carefully conducted, bean-meal and hay produced more butter than any combination of the other articles of food above named. "These facts," says Dr. Thomson, "are not agreeable to the common opinion that the amount of butter afforded by a cow, is a test of the amount of oil contained in the food; and hence we are entitled to recommend oily food as preferable for the production of butter, to food which experience teaches us will accomplish this object, though less rich in oleaginous matter."

Bean meal is set down by scientific men as chiefly a nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, closely allied in its nature to the egg, the oyster, lean mutton and beef in animal life, and to cabbage and the cereal grains in vegetable life.

I will not here attempt to give the details of the experiments of Dr. Thomson. Those who wish to inform themselves fully upon the subject will find it useful to consult the entire report "On the Food of Animals," published by C. M. Saxton & Co., New York. I will only add that the work is so strictly scientific it will probably prove interesting only to those readers who are already familiar with the leading principles of physiological chemistry.

The scientific investigations of Dr. Thomson have received interesting confirmation, as to the soundness of the leading principle, from another series of experiments of a practical, though highly intelligent and somewhat scientific nature, made by a member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. It will be seen from that report, that a mixed diet is recommended for dairy cows, where the object is to keep the cattle in the best possible condition, consisting of bean straw, oat straw, hay, wheat, bran, bean meal, turnips, cabbage and rape-cake. In the production of butter, the highest value is given to the bean-meal and bean straw, and rape-cake, which last is similar to linseed cake. The superior influence of the bean-meal and bean straw, in contrast with linseed cake, is especially worthy of notice.

I come now to the important practical deduction to be made from these new views in reference to feeding dairy cattle. The common idea is, that dairy stock can only be sustained on the richest grass growing and grain-producing land, and that poor, sandy soils are unfit for dairy farms. Science and experience now tell us a different story.

Upon the theory and practice here advanced, common meadow hay or clover, corn fodder, bean straw, (bean vines), bean-meal, rye bran, (which last is oily), turnips, carrots, parsnips, and if you please, a little Indian corn meal, would furnish food for dairy cattle capable of producing the greatest possible quantity of butter, and keeping the cows in the best possible condition as respects flesh and fat.

All the substances here presented, as food for dairy stock, can be grown upon sandy soils, such as we find in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, &c. And upon worn-out farms, where there is usually some low land, or meadow, or even without soil containing much vegetable matter, by the use of small quantities of artificial manure.

There are no soils so poor, (even the worst blowing sands of New Jersey), that they will not produce beans, or their equivalent the cow pea, or field pea, now so much employed in the South as a renovator of exhausted soils. Beans or field peas can be produced on such soils in profitable abundance without manure, but still better by the aid of lime, plaster of Paris, guano or super-phosphate of lime. The field pea, which is in reality a bean, gathers much of its vegetable matter and probably nitrogen from the atmosphere, (especially when aided by plaster) and its various inorganic salts, (mineral substances) from the sub-soil, being

very vigorous grower, and sending its roots far and wide and deep into the earth in search of food. It rarely suffers from long continued dry weather, and will remain green and healthy at a time when corn leaves are curled up as if burnt with fire. In ninety days, it will make more fodder per acre, than a first rate crop of clover of the second year's growth. Its grain, as will be seen from the experiment alluded to, is equal if not superior as food for dairy cattle to any oily food, and of course far cheaper than corn meal, rape, or linseed. It may be proper to state that I have tested the Southern field pea in New Jersey, for three years, and speak of its qualities in this climate, from positive experience. It is said that on rich clay soils, it will make an excess of vine and will not mature its seed. It should be planted as early as Indian corn, sown broadcast for fodder, and in drills for seed. Seed may be obtained from a broadcast crop. It requires about two bushels of seed per acre broadcast, less for drills.

If meadow hay cannot be obtained on a sandy soil, clover can, after turnips or field peas. Rye also grows profitably on sandy soils, especially after a green crop of peas turned under. Few soils are so poor as not to produce corn fodder, or they may be made to do so by the aid of a green crop, or a little guano, or nitrogenized super-phosphate of lime. Turnips, carrots and parsnips are readily produced, in immense abundance on sandy soils, by the use of super-phosphate of lime alone, or even ground bones. These root crops, indeed, with the field pea, form the basis of good dairy food for a sandy soil; and with their use, clover, timothy, herd grass, orchard grass, and corn fodder will speedily be produced, if the manure of the cattle be carefully and properly saved and judiciously applied. Indian corn and wheat, even, may soon be produced, at a profit, by such manure.

The bean straw or vines, it will be observed, were steamed before being fed to the cows, in the experiments of the Royal Society; and much of the other food was also steamed or cooked. Dr. Thomson, it is presumed, fed the bean meal in the raw state. Bean straw is a harsh, dry food, unless steamed or soaked in hot water.

If the dairyman on a sandy soil, have no pasture at first, it will follow, under the system of management here suggested, that he will be compelled to keep his cattle constantly in the stable, after the method called "soiling," feeding them in the Spring partly upon dry hay, and partly upon green oat or rye straw, green corn fodder, &c., (or dry fodder if he have it,) until such times as pasture could be produced upon restored land. This, it is presumed, could not profitably be done, except near large cities, where milk and butter were easily marketed, and sold at retail prices; but in such instances it could be done with profit, if the solid and liquid manure were all properly saved and mixed with muck or leaves, or only sprinkled freely with plaster of Paris, as the rapid improvement of the land would pay the extra cost of stall feeding over the economy of pasturing with the loss of manure consequent upon the latter method of feeding. To say the least, the article here referred to, and the views which I have presented, afford many valuable suggestions to the dairyman, which may improve to much advantage whether located upon a sandy barren soil, or upon one more favorable to the production of grasses and Indian corn.

In the above remarks, nothing is said of hay, clover, rye or wheat bran, because the object was to show how butter could be produced, with the least variety of food, upon a sandy or poor soil. The more varied the food, and the more frequently, (within reasonable limits,) appropriate changes are made in the food of dairy cattle, especially when stall feeding alone is practiced, the better is the result, as every dairyman probably knows. After a special food has been given for two or four weeks, any proper change of food will immediately increase the quantity of milk and butter.

Another advantage of the bean fodder and bean-meal diet as compared with a food largely oily, is this, that while the cows will be kept in good general condition they will not become too fat to yield milk freely.

The whole subject is one of great interest to the cultivators of poor soils, who wish to keep stock and make manure and avoid being ruined by the guano dealers.—*Farm Journal.*

SAVING THE TREES.—I noticed a curious process going on the other day in the Champs Elysees at Paris. They were chipping the bark off all the large trees (chiefly elms), in strips from pretty high up the trees to the ground, and covering the exposed part of the wood with some resinous substance that made a varnish in the place of bark. I was told it was to get rid of insects that affected the health of the trees, and they recovered their vigor in a wonderful manner after this process. It had a curious effect, for some of the trees looked as if they were almost entirely barked, and had only one strip of three inches wide down the stem.—*Correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle.*

WORDS ON PEACH TREES.—Sometimes it is difficult to find the worm at the earth-collar of a tree, as it rises often a long distance above its original incision between the bark and the tree. The application of boiling water is an efficient remedy; and notwithstanding that we have been cautioned many times against its use, and have been assured that it would kill our trees, we have failed to injure them by such practice.

EXCESSIVE MENTAL EXERTION.—A writer in Fraser's Magazine, in an article on the mutual relations of the physical organization and the mental faculties, illustrates the evils of excessive mental exertion by this affecting little anecdote of Sir Walter Scott—

"One day, when he was exerting himself beyond his powers, Sir Walter said to Captain Basil Hall—who also suffered and died from disease in the brain—'How many hours can you work?' 'Six,' said the captain. 'But can't you put on the spurs?' 'If I do, the horse won't go.' 'So much the better for you,' said Scott, with a sigh; 'when I put on spurs, the horse will go well enough, but it is killing the horse.'"

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God.

## The Riddler.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 31 letters. My 1, 5, 4, 26, 6, 22, was the goddess of idle persons. My 10, 22, 3, 5, 7, 10, 22, was a daughter of Nerius and Doris, possibly beloved by Polyphemus. My 3, 5, 4, 8, 9, 15, 29, 27, was one of the three Fates. My 12, 22, 24, 12, 5, 3, 23, 25, 6, was the son of Lucifer. My 2, 20, 22, 23, 29, 5, was the muse of astronomy. My 11, 4, 5, 7, 13, 21, was the god of harrowing. My 28, 5, 17, 26, 3, 29, 6, 16, 27, was a god of infants. My 2, 22, 4, 29, 18, 5, was a goddess of silence. My 20, 11, 17, 29, 16, 27, was a god of corn. My 14, 22, 17, 16, 2, 5, was the goddess of lies. My 31, 4, 8, 29, 11, 23, was a companion of Cadmus. My whole was one of the mythological deities. GAIMHEW.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 4, 6, 4, 10, 7, 6, is a seaport of Turkey. My 2, 19, 1, is part of a dress. My 3, 19, 20, is what we all do more or less. My 4, 3, 14, 5, 19, 11, 22, is an adverb. My 5, 19, 7, 19, is a range of mountains of Berochistan. My 6, 22, 7, 21, is always in church. My 7, 8, 20, is a noun. My 8, 9, 20, 18, 6, 17, 12, is a large bird. My 9, 19, 6, 7, is found in every ship or vessel. My 10, 19, 14, belongs to a host. My 11, 8, 1, 10, 22, 6, is a town in Missouri. My 12, 8, 14, 22, 13, is a useful animal. My 13, 19, 22, 1, is a cape of Malagascor. My 14, 19, 20, is a destructive animal. My 15, 10, 7, 16, was a celebrated lawgiver of Athens. My 16, 6, 7, is a field. My 17, 8, 7, 1, is an animal. My 18, 8, 12, 5, 3, 7, 2, 21, is a town in France. My 19, 11, 4, 7, 21, 22, is a delicious fruit. My 20, 10, 16, 3, 7, 21, is a town in Utah. My 21, 19, 18, is an organ of the human system. My 22, 13, 19, 7, is an animal of the sea. My whole was a wise and good philosopher of Greece. G. L. H. Q.—S. Adams Co., Pa.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 70 letters.

My 7, 11, 24, 4, 60, was a son of Elihu. My 36, 28, 16, 46, 7, 67, is a town in Indiana. My 47, 46, 56, 2, 31, 55, 37, 68, 33, 3, 69, is an epistle. My 67, 46, 56, 79, is a harmless bird. My 8, 22, 54, 35, 29, 33, 30, 60, 13, 31, were put to flight. My 62, 49, 61, 15, 56, 69, is a sharp instrument. My 19, 12, 18, 41, 6, 5, 14, is a book in the Bible. My 45, 34, 30, 51, 33, 64, 7, is one of the United States. My 56, 46, 60, 12, 50, 1, 36, is an epistle. My 53, 62, 15, 27, 9, 62, 66, is a town in the United States. My 59, 57, 17, 31, 32, 30, 39, is one of the United States. My 62, 56, 44, 64, 36, 31, is a town in the United States. My whole is a proverb in which there is much truth. New Milford. M. H.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first is very often found in river, creek and ocean; And always where it does abound It makes some slight commotion.

There is an honest class of men, Quite skillful tradesmen reckoned; Who could not hope much wealth to gain Unless they had my second.

My third, although 'tis very small, 'Tis useful (do not doubt it), For 'tis the truth, I tell to all, We'd have no days without it.

Within the amp's prairie green, So grand in every feature; My fourth is very often seen, A wild and wild creature.

My whole is often seen and felt By men of servile station, Within a distant Eastern land, Where dwells an ignorant nation.

Brownboro, Ky. FRANK MADDOX.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first in war is often used, When the day and fight is over, My second you have often heard In churches, house and store, My whole a part of great fame, You will find to be the name.

Warren, Vt. HARR.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am a little patch of ground, Four letters are my unmet bound; Transposed, I wear out human life, Again I run with eager stride.

Champlain, N. Y. J. M. B. Jr.

## ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Die Man. 9. Warn Bell. 2. Ask A Ham. 10. Red Nag. 3. Tin Case. 11. Dear O. 4. Well Red. 12. Rail Fare. 5. Men Not. 13. No More. 6. Burn Gin Lot. 14. Face Utn. 7. Bore Nig. 15. Gal Ed. 8. Oh Well. 16. Aunt Tom.

FRENCH BROWN, Jr.

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The depth of a hollow pyramidal frustrum is 18 inches; the top diameter is 18 inches, and the bottom diameter is 24 inches; and it has in it so much water that if it be turned over till the surface of the water just touches the lower edge of the top, it will also just touch the upper edge of the bottom. Required depth of the water when the frustrum is standing upright? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. [?] When does a person go to bed and desire to sleep till the next year? Ans.—On the night of the 31st of December. Of course!

[?] Why is the end of a dog's tail like the hump of a tree? Ans.—Because it is farthest from the "hark."

[?] What mountains would we naturally be led to suppose were the highest? Ans.—Mountains of the Moon.

[?] What mountains should we suppose to be the closest? Ans.—The Crystal Mountains.

[?] What Bay would be the best to eat of? Ans.—Table Bay.

[?] What Gulf seems the most valuable? Ans.—Gulf of Guinea.

[?] What River would be the best to fish with? Ans.—The Seine, of course. A. MARTIN.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Nicholas Count Trissardot. POETICAL ENIGMA.—Gael Chaucer, "the father of English poetry." ELIZABETH'S ENIGMA.—Neal Dow, the Temperance Reformer. RIDDLE.—I. CHARADE.—Ontario (ay-ry-o). CHARADE.—Cabin. ANAGRAM.—Jay's eye. 2. Pointless. 3. Dreams. 4. Buller. 5. pit. 6. Onion. 7. Bore. 8. Brown. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—Length of the hole 96 inches. TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.—BLEN—60, 90 and 100 rods.

Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—Moreover, the dog—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—*Boston Courier.*

lighted with the creamy contents of the bottle, he took good care thereafter to be supplied with the "same sort."

Slugs on rose bushes, or the green fly on plants, will make their appearance by thousands and

rally an argument of a soil irregularly and too much inclined.

do—take her away!"

sure to die if you recover—